

CURRICULUM

LB  
1631  
A326  
1958

ALTA  
428  
1958  
Gr11

CURRGDHT

CURR



1958-59  
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA  
EDUCATION LIBRARY

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL  
CURRICULUM GUIDE  
FOR

ENGLISH LANGUAGE 21  
1958

PROVINCE OF ALBERTA  
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION



## FOREWORD

The following curriculum guide for English 21 (Creative Writing) supersedes the section in the Senior High School Curriculum Guide for English entitled English Language 21 (Pages 72 and 73).

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Department of Education acknowledges with appreciation the contribution of the following persons to the preparation of this Curriculum Guide for Creative Writing: Miss Ruth Godwin, Miss Florence Todd and Miss Phyllis Weston. The guide was prepared under the direction of the Senior High School Subcommittee on English.

### SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL CURRICULUM COMMITTEE:

M.L. Watts	Director of Curriculum (Chairman)
A.A. Aldridge	Supervisor of Guidance, Department of Education
G.L. Berry	High School Inspector, Edmonton
E.W. Buxton	Faculty of Education, University of Alberta, Edmonton
H.D. Cartwright	Principal, Crescent Heights High School, Calgary
J. Charyk	A.T.A. representative, Hanna
G.R. Conquest	Assistant Superintendent, Edmonton Public School Board
M.J.V. Downey	Director of Personnel and Research, Edmonton Public School Board
M.O. Edwardh	Assistant Director of Curriculum in charge of Elementary Education
Mrs. L. Frey	H.S.A. representative, High River
A.E. Henderson	H.S.A. representative, Ross Sheppard High School, Edmonton
E.D. Hodgson	High School Inspector, Red Deer
C.B. Johnson	High School Inspector, Lethbridge
Dr. J.C. Jonason	High School Inspector, Edmonton
E.S. Keeping	Department of Mathematics, University of Alberta, Edmonton
L.W. Kunelius	High School Inspector, Calgary
J.P. Mitchell	Supervisor of Industrial Arts, Department of Education
Dr. R.E. Rees	High School Inspector, Edmonton
F.L. Woodman	A.S.T.A. representative, Calgary
A.B. Evenson	Associate Director of Curriculum (Secretary)

### SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL SUBCOMMITTEE ON ENGLISH:

E. Buxton	Faculty of Education, University of Alberta, Edmonton (Chairman)
R.M. Dobson	Western Canada High School, Calgary
Miss Ruth Godwin	Viscount Bennett School, Calgary
Dr. J.C. Jonason	High School Inspector, Edmonton
M.D. Meade	Principal, Edson High School, Edson
Dr. F.M. Salter	Department of English, University of Alberta, Edmonton
Miss Phyllis Weston	Crescent Heights High School, Calgary
W.S. Waddell	Victoria Composite High School, Edmonton



English Language 21 is designed for those students who are particularly talented or interested in writing, and only those who have demonstrated proficiency in written expression should be admitted to the class. As much individual assistance and instruction is required of the teacher, the size of the class should be limited to twenty or less. Furthermore, a special classroom library of books and pamphlets should be supplied to the teacher-in-charge if the course is to be taught effectively.

Five content areas are to be covered: journalism, the essay, the short story, poetry and drama. Teachers may deal with these units in any order, or way, which is productive of results for them; but all five areas must be discussed at some time during the school term. Thus, the following outline is suggestive, rather than prescriptive. It is a workable pattern which has been used in a number of Alberta classrooms; but it is not the only possible type of organization. It is hoped that it will be thought of as an effective aid in the discovery and exploration of ways and means by which the classroom teacher may stimulate and encourage student writers.

Some of the material discussed in the English Language 21 course is also found in the compulsory courses, and teachers are asked to guard against uneconomical "overlapping" in their particular school situations.

#### BASIC REFERENCES

In addition to the specific references which are listed at the end of each of the five units of the course, the following basic references are recommended:

##### BOOKS:

Dictionaries -- several, preferably varied

Synonym Dictionaries -- Roget's Thesaurus (available in an abridged paperback format), Webster's Dictionary of Synonyms

Handbooks of English -- Harbrace Handbook of English (w. J. Gage, Toronto)  
The Macmillan Handbook of English, (Prentice-Hall)  
Handbook for Writers (Prentice-Hall, Inc.,  
Englewood Cliffs),

and others

Reader's Encyclopedia

Flesch, Rudolf and A. H. Lass. The Way to Write, Harper and Brothers,  
New York, 1947

Anthologies of short stories and essays.

##### MAGAZINES

Practical English and Literary Cavalcade, published by Scholastic Magazines, 33 West 42nd Street, New York 36, New York. These two magazines, available at a special combination rate of \$2.00 for the school term, contain excellent material for class discussion - short stories, essays, radio and TV plays, and many samples of student writing.

Practical English is a weekly, Literary Cavalcade a monthly.

The Atlantic -- special student rates available.

Other good quality magazines which students might be willing to bring to class.

RECORDS:

Some excellent recordings have been released recently which can be used very effectively in stimulating students to write. Movie and television theme music is particularly useful. Recordings of poets and writers reading their own works are available at special reduced rates to members of The National Council of Teachers of English (704 South Sixth Street, Champaign, Illinois).

## UNIT ONE: JOURNALISM

A. Organization of the Modern Newspaper:

(This content material should be briefly presented.)

1. Business --

- a. Advertising Department -- local display,  
nation-wide display advertising,  
classified "want-ads"
- b. Circulation Department -- circulation manager,  
delivery boys, newsboys, mail service

2. Mechanical --

- a. Process -- typesetting (hand composition,  
linotype, galley proofs, make-up)  
-- stereotyping (mats, photo-engraving,  
etching, lithographing)  
-- press room (types of press)
- b. Newspaper Design -- types of print  
-- types of letters  
-- variety (cuts, boxed stories,  
boxed heads, length variety, etc.)

3. Editorial --

- a. Newswriting Staff
- b. Editorial Staff

Activities:

1. Make a collection of a variety of newspaper types (large city dailies, country weeklies, school papers, business house organs, British publications, American dailies, etc.), and compare format.
2. Make a field trip to a newspaper office.
3. Discuss this statement: A large classified want-ads section in a newspaper does a great deal to preserve the freedom of the press.
4. Write information-type reports on various phases of the newspaper printing business. (Most encyclopedias cover this topic quite well.)
5. Write a character sketch of one of the following: a newsboy, a paper boy, a country editor, etc.



## B. Contents of a Newspaper:

### 1. News --

- a. Definition -- dictionary definition, plus discussion of the following --
  - "News is anything out-of-the-ordinary."
  - "News is whatever is printed in the newspaper."
  - "Women, wampum, and wrong-doing are always news."
  - "Anything that makes a woman say, 'For heaven's sake!'"
  - "Anything which interests a large part of the community and which never has been brought to their attention before."
- b. Elements of a News Story -- timeliness, proximity, prominence, consequence, human interest.
- c. Kinds of News Stories -- national and international, local and provincial, society, sports, financial, speech reports, interviews, personalities, and human interest. (This list is not mandatory, of course. Newspapers adapt their news coverage to their particular geographical area and their staff resources.)
- d. Sources of Newspaper Copy --
  - i. Wire Services -- These services originated when financial houses needed news quickly and so established a carrier pigeon service to supply such news. Later, cables were used, then teletype. News items were passed on to the newspapers; eventually, the newspapers built up separate services.
    - CP (Canadian Press) -- once used CPR telegraphists (started as mere gossip) -- free, then rates charged -- rates became too high -- then, an independent service born. Three copies are made of each suitable story in each member newspaper office -- one copy goes to the CP Regional Bureau.
    - AP (Associated Press) -- co-operative owned and controlled by an association of American papers. Releases news to members only -- does not sell. Rather conservative.
    - UPI (United Press International) -- recently organized -- a merger of UP (United Press) and INS (International News Service) -- sells news, features, specializes in big names.
    - BUP (British United Press) -- British news, feeds its material into the UPI.
    - REUTERS (British) -- European news, world coverage.

- ii. Correspondents -- Four major types --  
 Foreign -- "glamour boys" -- fewer than  
 formerly (result of activity of news agencies)  
 Staff -- in other cities (usually have a by-line)  
 Special -- send copy "on query" when the newspaper  
 asks for it, usually paid by the inch  
 Provincial (sometimes called "country") --  
 send copy from small towns, paid by inch.
- iii. Newspaper Employees  
 Reporters -- work on assignment from city editor,  
 also on "beats"  
 Photographers -- some freelancing
- iv. Miscellaneous --  
 City Editor's Futures Book -- a type of  
 diary which lists events to come  
 Friends and Tipsters -- items phoned in  
 Syndicates -- columns, comics, etc.
- v. Publicity Agencies --  
 Publicity Men, Press Agents, Public Relations  
 Men, Propagandists
- vi. Morgue (Library)-- background material, pictures, file  
 etc.

2. Advertisements --

- a. Functions --  
 finance the newspaper  
 newsworthy (at times)  
 bring producer and consumer together  
 sometimes aid in correcting wrong impressions
- b. Requirements of a Good Ad --  
 simple and direct  
 truthful  
 harmonize with product or service promoted
- c. Stages in Advertising a Product  
 pioneering - introducing new product  
 competitive - showing superiority to others  
 retentive - keeping name before the public  
 new pioneering - a new feature added
- d. Classified Advertisements - rates, writing of

### 3. Editorial Writing - briefly covered (in detail later)

- a. Editorials
- b. Columns
- c. Critical Material

### 4. Syndicated Features -

- a. Comics - 1894 -- first color comic  
               1929 - four-color comics in twelve papers  
               1935 - six-color comics in 540 papers  
               Types - (like soap operas in many ways -- written for  
                       adults as well as children nowadays)  
                       mystery, adventure, crime  
                       homely philosophers  
                       comic hero  
                       people like ourselves
- b. Cartoons - interpretation
- c. News Pictures - The perfect picture requires no cut line.  
               picture appeal - unusualness, struggle and danger,  
               fear, sex, wedding pictures, children, animals, appeal  
               to sympathy, play, beauty, personalities in the news  
               requirements - tell a story, timely, show action,  
               easy to understand
- d. Non-news items - horoscope, fashion news, beauty hints, etc.

### Activities:

1. This section offers a great deal of material which can be used to provide worth while classroom discussion, research reports, critical essays, exercises in script-writing, etc. Some of the following topics might be considered:
  - What is News?
  - How Might the Various Wire Services Report the Outbreak of War?
  - What is the Editor's Responsibility in Regard to Material Supplied by Publicity Agencies?
  - What Should the Ratio be Between Material Produced by Syndicates and the Wire Services, and Material Produced by Local Newsmen?
  - How Should the Newspaper Business Change to Meet the Challenges of Radio and TV News Programs?
  - Should All News be Printed?
2. Analyze the make-up of a front page of a newspaper to determine why the editor used the placement he did.
3. Write copy suitable for display advertising. This type of writing requires much attention to brevity, choice of vocabulary and placement of ideas.
4. Have a local newspaper man as a guest speaker.

## C. The Writing of the News Story

### 1. The Difference Between Literary and News Writing --

#### News Writing --

Intended for immediate publication  
Will be read rapidly  
Must be brief and concise  
  
Large group of readers  
Must be truthful, accurate  
Purpose -- to inform  
Variation in education of readers  
Climax in first paragraph  
No opinions given

#### Literary Writing --

May be published at any time  
Will be read leisurely  
Will be strung-out to sustain interest  
Smaller group of readers  
May be fictitious, imaginative  
Purpose -- to entertain  
Select group of readers  
  
Climax near end  
Writer may comment on material

Lead or climax. Most important information.

Information secondary in importance.

Still less important information.

Can be cut.

Beginning

Building up interest.

Sustaining and increasing the interest.

Climax and greatest bit of final information comes near end of the story.

### 2. The News Story -- (Refer to one of the recommended texts on journalism at this point.)

- a. The Lead -- organization, types, how to write
- b. The News Story -- types, (inverted-pyramid, chronological, composite, news brief)

### 3. Writing a News Story --

- a. Style -- direct and forceful English, brief, interesting format, carefully organized, short paragraphs.
- b. Avoid editorializing and "moral tags."

### 4. Special Kinds of News Stories --

- a. Speech Report --
  - i. Problem -- to accurately report both the words and the spirit, condensation
  - ii. Preparation -- identification of speaker, time, place, title of speech, reason for giving
  - iii. Writing -- keynote in lead, quotations, accuracy







### Activities:

1. Rewrite a literature text selection as a news story. Any of the listed journalism texts would be useful in providing news-writing exercises for this section.
2. Have one student prepare himself as an author, and have the class interview him in a mass interview.
3. Have students cover a radio or TV speech or discussion.  
(See Appendix A for examples of student writing)

### D. The Editorial Department:

#### 1. Editorials --

- a. Types -- interpretation, criticism, reform, appreciation, literary, entertainment, and special occasion.
- b. Construction -- must be interesting, clearly stated, have sound reasoning, lead logically to conclusions, use third person ("we" is going out of style), be specific.

#### 2. Letters to the Editor --

- a. Important - read by many subscribers
- b. Requirements -- short, interesting to many, timely, controversial
- c. Organization of column

#### 3. Columns - increasing in number

- a. Writer's Qualifications - keen observation, good judgment, sound reasoning, style, tact, special knowledge, newspaper experience.
- b. Types -- sports (as above), variety or humor, exchange of ideas column, news-commentary, personal comment, critical.

### Activities:

1. Writing of various types of editorial writing.
2. Compare the editorial page make-up of various papers.
3. Discuss the moral responsibilities of editorial writers.

### RECOMMENDED REFERENCES:

#### Basic Reference:

Spears, Harold and C. H. Lawshe, High School Journalism. MacMillan Co., New York. 1956

#### Other References:

Savidge, Anne Lane and Gunnar Horn, Handbook for High School Journalism. D. C. Heath and Co., Boston. 1944.

Dale, Edgar, How to Read a Newspaper. Scott, Foresman and Co., Chicago. 1941

- Stensland, P. G. and Larry Dennis, Keeping Up With the News. Science Research Inc. 1951.
- Dillon, Charles. Journalism for High Schools. Noble and Noble, New York. 1930.
- Floherty, John J. Your Daily Paper. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 1938.
- Floherty, John J. Get Your Story. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 1952.
- Harrington, H. F. and Evaline Harrington. Writing for Print. D. C. Heath and Co., Boston. 1929.
- Woodward, Stanley. Sports Page. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1949.

## UNIT TWO: ESSAY WRITING

There are few senior high school students who have not written an "essay" -- and there are just as few who are aware of the variety of possibilities an essay-writing assignment offers the creative writer. Occasionally, students confuse the information-type essay with the personal essay; others feel a "report" is a satisfactory substitute for a well-planned, well-written research essay. Perhaps it would be wise for the teacher to introduce this section with a critical examination and discussion of several essay types -- descriptive, philosophical, argumentative, humorous, critical, personal, and so on. After such an introduction, reference might be made to the material found in the Grade Eleven and Twelve language texts and to First Flowering by Anthony Frisch (Kingswood House, Toronto, 1956).

The following outline summarizes the method of essay writing. Students should be given work which emphasizes the content of the various sections of this outline in addition to a number of essay-writing assignments. Preparation of essays for the University of Alberta and I.O.D.E. Essay Writing Contest might well be a part of this unit.

### A. Choosing a Subject

1. The choice of subject should be based on the writer's interests, the possibility of scope, and the amount of work which would be required of the student in preliminary research and planning.
2. The student should consider what the purpose of his essay is -- to amuse? to persuade? to inform? to criticize? or to convince?
3. The essay's audience should be established, and the style decided upon by the writer.
4. The student should summarize his topic in a complete sentence. As he writes his essay this sentence should be kept before him for constant reference, but it should not be included in the finished product.

### B. The Planning

1. All ideas, thoughts, expressions, vivid words and figures of speech that come to mind should be listed, regardless of order of importance. The longer this list is, the better the final project will be.

2. From the prepared list, a few main ideas should be chosen, ideas around which the raw material can be gathered and organized. The ideas should be such that they can be arranged in a logical sequence.
3. The material should now be organized under the chosen headings. All material which cannot be fitted into the outline must be discarded as its retention would spoil the final product.
4. A sentence outline should now be prepared. Every effort should be made to use vivid and specific vocabulary at this point so that clarity of concepts may be established.
5. The outline should be set aside for twenty-four hours to "cool".
6. A final check should be made, made with meticulous care. After this point, organization faults are costly of time and energy.

C. The Writing:

1. The details are gathered, the material is organized, the message is chosen. There is little left to do: the writing.
2. There are as many ways to write as there are brands of soap, and no one way can be recommended. However, these suggestions might be of assistance:
  - a. Write the introduction and the conclusion first. They should be about one-tenth of the length of the whole essay. This part of the work is very important and should be carefully done.
  - b. The writer should aim at variety in his work by starting sentences with a variety of sounds and structures, by using synonyms and pronouns to provide variety of vocabulary, and by varying the length of his sentences.
  - c. As he writes, the student should try to listen to the sounds of his words and phrases. If he learns to "listen" as he writes he will avoid many grammatical and stylistic errors.
3. Writing is mostly rewriting. Thus, the revision part of an essay-writing assignment is time consuming; but, if it is carefully done, it should result in a final product which the student is proud to present to his teacher.

## REFERENCES

- Smith, Reed, Learning to Write, Little, Brown and Co.  
 Graves, Robert and Alan Hodge, The Reader Over Your Shoulder. Jonathan Cape, London. 1943.  
 Hogrefe, Pearl. The Process of Creative Writing. Harper Bros., New York 1947  
 Babcock, Horn and English, Creative Writing for College Students. American Book Company, New York. 1938  
 Flesch and Lass, The Way to Write. Harper and Bros., New York. 1949.  
 Carey, G. V. Mind the Stop. Cambridge University Press. 1938  
 Flesch, Rudolf, The Art of Plain Talk. Harper and Bros., New York. 1946

## UNIT THREE: SHORT STORY WRITING

### A. Leading up to the Short Story

Before a student undertakes to write a story, he should learn to gather material from his own experience, or from that of others and to transmute it into plot, setting and characters. An eye and an ear for what goes on in his world may be encouraged, and facility in handling incident, description and dialogue developed, by using less complicated forms of writing than the story.

1. The journal, or its more personal and intimate form, the diary. This daily reporting to oneself, besides giving a good deal of writing practice, encourages the student to be on the alert for interesting happenings and personalities. He also learns to distinguish the significant from the trivial or humdrum. Material thus obtained may be used in the following ways:
  - a. conversation -- a diarist is seldom at a loss for a topic.
  - b. letter-writing -- many interesting letters may come from a well-written diary.
  - c. writing anecdotes, which frequently contain dialogue and reveal personality.
  - d. writing a "column" made up of references to people and incidents seen from the personal angle.

Examples of diaries, letters and anecdotes are to be found in the Creative Living series. Newspaper columns are very popular at the present time, and appear in most newspapers and many magazines.



2. The personality or character sketch.

- a. the pen portrait, and the caricature.
- b. the "profile", a longer and more analytical development.

Material for these may be obtained by the interview as well as by less direct research methods. A well-rounded personality sketch of this kind is a good preparation for the story or the drama. By considering what such a character would do and say in certain circumstances, or what circumstances would evoke a given response, the student arrives at a basis for plot and dialogue construction.

Reference:

Diltz, B. C., New Models and Projects (Unit XLIV) Clarke, Irwin

B. SHORT STORY WRITING

1. The plot

The plot is the problem which forms the nucleus about which a short story or play is written. Here is a simple test to determine whether or not the elements of a plot are present in a proposed plot:

- a. Somebody wants something.
- b. Who wants it? What does he want?
- c. What opposes him?

A good preliminary exercise to short story writing is the production of the plot story. This is a simple outline which enables the writer to practise plot building without being concerned about detailed writing. The following divisions should be used for the assignment.

- a. The prelude provides the background, setting and characters.
- b. The moment of interest - introduces the problem.
- c. The incidents of suspense - all the unsuccessful attempts to solve the problem.
- d. The climax - the point at which the solution looks helpless.
- e. The solution - the turning point at which a successful solution is found. The more unexpected the solution, the better; but remember it must be possible.
- f. The conclusion (or end)- not always necessary, as a short story may finish with the solution.



Example

- a. Prelude: Betty is a shy teen-ager in a small agricultural community.
- b. Moment of Interest: A class lecture on the poor conditions in war-stricken countries and the reading of a book about a woman missionary inspire the shy Betty to promote the sponsoring of a spring carnival by her class to raise money for needy people in war-torn countries.
- c. Incidents of Suspense: Materials are collected and acts are arranged, but the problem arises as to where the carnival is to be held. The community hall is reserved for a very important convention to decide which of the surrounding towns will be the railway terminal. The church basements suggested are too small. The weather is too uncertain to permit an outdoor show.
- d. Climax: Betty is about to announce in the school paper and the town weekly that the carnival cannot be held.
- e. Solution: The boys offer to plow the fields of a sick farmer if he will allow them to use his huge barn for the carnival.
- f. Conclusion: The carnival is a great success. The people at the convention feel that this town has the spirit needed in a railroad terminal, and the choice is made.

2. Developing the Short Story

- a. Bait for the reader:

This is an exercise which requires the student to write in detail the introduction and the conclusion of a story. The introduction is called the "bait for the reader" because it must attract the reader and make him want to continue reading. The conclusion is the "repetition in a nutshell" which ends briskly, being carefully tied to the beginning. The details which fall between are given in point form very briefly. This type of exercise is also of help to the student in that it demonstrates to him the values of organized thought.

Example

alone, save for the incredulous public, I stood. Then I uttered the words soon to shake the nation, "Ah, ah, ah, car-chaw! Ha, ha!" There came a great surge of power as the forces of the world bent to my will; and, proudly waving my toothbrush aloft, off I sailed, defying gravity on the magic carpet.

- Body:
- a. A brief resume of the toils of invention.
  - b. Airsickness cured by using Clogg's Carpet Capsules (commercial).
  - c. Countries visited on the first flight and a brief account of adventures therein.
  - d. The public reaction after my return.
  - e. My natural bashfulness and modesty.
  - f. U.S.- Canadian argument over the construction of a joint magic carpet program. The argument will last for the next twenty years.
  - g. Some instructions about the care of magic carpets.

## Conclusion

The war of the car will die; the churn of the boat will choke into silence, and the wings of the airplane droop before the omnipotence of the Carpet, my brain child. Long dreamed of in fairy tales, at last it is yours. So just pick up your toothbrush; and now, "Ah, ah, ah, car-chaw! Ha, ha!" Off we go, and the old earth is over that-a-way!

### b. Plot Analysis:

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that a plot does not just happen; it is built. Another way to study plot is to divide it into four parts: situation, rising action, climax, and solution. In a short story there may or may not be a conclusion following the solution.

- a. The situation must include not only who, when, and where; but also a set of circumstances out of which the story will grow.
- b. The rising action gives the series of incidents through which the plot unfolds. These incidents show the chief character trying to solve a problem, or they are incidents which plunge the chief character more deeply into the situation.
- c. The climax is the high point of the story. The unexpected must happen to extricate the chief character from the situation or to enable him to solve his problem.
- d. The solution is the unexpected event which ends the story. Young writers must keep in mind that the unexpected must not be the improbable. They must also remember that they will probably handle a story with a reasonably satisfactory ending, that is a happy ending, better than they would one with an unsatisfactory or sad ending.

Here are some stories from the Grade X and XI Literature texts which will repay examination of plot.

### Through a Blizzard (Creative Living 4, Page 54)

Situation: A young man had to walk eleven miles to register a homestead claim. He was healthy, and ordinarily the walk would mean nothing to him, but at this time a blizzard is beginning to blow.

Rising Action: The storm increases in fury. Landmarks can no longer be seen to guide him on his way. He finds himself on the railway track which serves to keep him going in the right direction. He is overcome with weariness and a desire to sleep, but realizes he must force himself to keep moving.

Climax: He stumbles and falls, striking his head so that he loses consciousness.

Solution: Just as he is beginning to rouse after the blow, some men on a railway handcar come upon him. They take him to his destination where he accomplishes his purpose.

Other stories from Creative Living No. 4 recommended for this type of analysis are:

- |                              |                                      |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| a. The Novitiate, Page 152   | b. Antidote for Hatred, Page 250     |
| c. The Storyteller, Page 162 | d. Two Kinds of Sinner, Page 173     |
| e. The Verger, Page 46       | f. The Welsh Are Like That, Page 123 |

Selections from Creative Living No. 5 recommended for this type of analysis are:

- |                                       |                                     |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| a. The Cop and the Anthem, Page 107   | b. The Three Strangers, Page 391    |
| c. To Build a Fire, Page 380          | d. The Interlopers, Page 197        |
| e. The Thousand-Dollar Bill, Page 134 | f. The Cask of Amontillado, Page 78 |

(c) The Twist

In a short story such as most teen-agers write, the unexpected turn at or near the end of the story is the most important part of the creation. This "twist" is one of the first things the student must have in mind when he plans his story. Having decided upon his "twist", the writer then chooses a situation and characters which can be used. In other words, the writer must know where he is going when he starts to write his story.

Here are some sample twists:

- In "The Cop and the Anthem", just when Soapy had decided to go straight and find work, a policeman took him into custody.
- In "The Hack Driver" (Creative Living 5, Page 23), the law clerk was driven around for a whole day by the very man on whom he wished to serve a summons.
- In "The Thousand-Dollar Bill", the note was counterfeit.

(d) Conflict

Still another way to study plot is to analyze the conflict in the story. This may be done by answering three questions:

- Who is the chief character and what does he want?
- What are the obstacles which stand in the way of his obtaining his desire?
- What is the outcome?

These questions can be discussed in respect to several of the stories mentioned above.

(See APPENDIX C for examples of student writing)

(e) Reference Materials

Students must realize that anyone who wishes to write must read extensively, and should be advised to read a great many short stories. The following books contain stories and/or aids to writing them.

- Black and Parry. Aspects of the Short Story. John Murray, London. 1956
- Frisch, Anthony, ed. First Flowering. Kingswood House, Toronto, 1956.
- Hamilton, Anne. How to Revise Your Own Stories. The Writer Inc., New York. 1946
- Campbell, Walter S. Writing Magazine Fiction. Doubleday and Co. New York 1953
- Kamerman, Writing the Short Short Story. The Writer Inc. New York. 1946.



A. What is Poetry?1. Introduction to Poetry:

Poetry is an art as old as civilization, for people have always loved songs and stories and the rhythm and rhyme which made them easier to sing and to remember. The materials of the poet are a part of life itself: thoughts, moods, stories which he expresses in words which make music. Of the many definitions of poetry, some long, some short, the following brief statements serve to emphasize its special qualities.:

"Poetry is the speech of soul to soul."

"Poetry is memorable speech."

"Poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity."

From these definitions it is clear that poetry is a personal communication through which the poet passes on to his hearers some experience which he has had, expressing it in the form best suited to the particular feeling which he wants to convey.

Most of us have something of the poet in us. We are moved by emotions, carried away by the magic of fancy, thrilled by the beauty of nature or of art. A poet once said that all people are "poets in parentheses". If anyone has the desire to express his feelings in well-chosen and well-arranged words, he may step outside the "parentheses" and become a poet in the open! In order to do so he must understand something of the basic elements of poetry, meaning and form. Meaning includes the idea or picture the poet wishes to convey, the mood he calls forth, the insight he gives us into his own heart and mind. Form refers to the particular way in which the poet expresses his meaning. Under the heading of poetic form come such terms as rhythm, rhyme, stanza and such special "figures" as simile, metaphor, and repetition. Although meaning and form are spoken of as different elements of poetry, they are not really separate qualities. A good form for a poem is the best way in which to express a certain feeling or tell a certain story, and the nearer the poet comes to this ideal, the better will his poetry be. "The best words in the best order" is a brief statement of what the poet's aim should be.

2. Word Pictures

The poet is a painter in words. Because of his keen sight and the power of his imagination, the poet can make us see and hear things that without him we might never notice. Wordsworth, for example, has made the wild daffodils he saw shine like living gold for us, dancing forever along the margin of the lake. Tennyson pictures for us the little "Revenge", her torn sails flapping, waging her mad but gallant fight against the mighty Armada of Spain. Well-chosen words can make images of colour and sound, even of touch and smell, which recreate for us the experience of the poet. One of the greatest pleasures in poetry comes from the vivid pictures which "flash upon the inward eye" of the memory and imagination.

### 3. Word Music:

The poet's words must not only convey the proper picture; they must also harmonize with the music of his poetry. When a poet speaks of

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms  
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

we hear the soft call of the mourning doves and the drowsy droning of bees in the summer air.

However, word music is not always soft and sweet.

"Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn yard"

What a picture these words give of the desperate haste of the highwayman!

Sometimes alliteration is used to enhance the music of a poem; that is, words which begin with the same sound are used in groups. (e.g. loud laughter, snowy summits stand)

### 4. Apprentice Work: Getting Started

(See APPENDIX D for example of student work)

One way for a prospective poet to begin writing poetry is for him to think about some scene or some experience which has impressed him deeply and then try to express it in a simple poetical form, such as the ballad stanza. An even simpler form, and one requiring no rhyme, is the hokku, borrowed from Japanese poets who found it a good way in which to etch, in words, one clear picture. This poem has only seventeen syllables in all, arranged in three lines of five, seven, and five. Although it has no rhyme, there is a definite rhythm which with little practice can be "caught". The following hokku verses written by Grade Eleven students show what a variety of interests may be expressed in this simple form:

#### Water Lilies

How strangely they float  
Pale gold and ivory cups  
On wilderness lakes.

#### Prairie Scene

Man on red tractor -  
Fields of golden, waving wheat,  
Ripple with the wind.

#### The Range

Cows cropping the grass,  
Horses stamping restlessly,  
Tumble-weed blowing.

#### Fishing

Juicy worms dangling,  
New rod and reel shimmering,  
Oops! I'm hooked again.



## 5. Other Forms

The cinquain and the triolet are two other strict forms which present little difficulty.

The cinquain consists of five unrhyming lines. Each line consists of a given number of iambic feet in this order: first line, one foot; second line, two feet; third line, three feet; fourth line, four feet; fifth line, one foot.

Here is a cinquain written by Adelaide Crapsey, the American poet who introduced this poetic form:

Listen.....  
 With faint dry sound,  
 Like steps of passing ghosts,  
 The leaves, frost-crisp'd, break from the trees  
 And fall.

The triolet consists of eight lines. The rhyme scheme is A B a A a b A B. (The capital letters indicate that the whole line is repeated.) This form of poetry is characterized by a metric pattern. The lines should be short no matter what metre is used. Thomas Hardy wrote some delightful triolets. Here is one from the pen of Austin Dobson:

### Rose Crossed the Road

I intended an ode  
 And it turned to a sonnet.  
 It began a la mode.  
 I intended an Ode;  
 But Rose crossed the road  
 In her latest new bonnet;  
 I intended an ode;  
 And it turned to a sonnet.

## 6. The Class Poem

Class poems are a good way to give every member a chance to contribute something to the making of a poem. The following ballad was composed by a class of Grade Ten boys and is based upon the story "In Mid-Atlantic" by W. W. Jacobs.

The Swallow was a sailing barque  
 Jamaica for to see.  
 The skipper, Brown, aboard the ship  
 A dreamy man was he.

A voice spake in his ear one night,  
 To steer by Nor' Nor' west.  
 He could not shun the voice he heard  
 Although he tried his best.

And to the first mate Salmon  
The captain did declare  
He'd heard a voice within his room  
As if someone were there.

They changed their course to Nor' Nor' West  
And on they went till morning  
To do the work appointed them  
Through supernatural warning.

Before returning to their course,  
A small boat they did see  
A-floating like a rubber cork  
Upon the briny sea.

The man they rescued from the boat  
Was sleeping like a log,  
And when they woke him from his sleep  
He bellowed like a hog.

The crew then hauled him to the ship  
Although he fought them loudly.  
The captain stood by looking on  
And smiling very proudly.

He minced no words to tell them that  
He did not like their thoughts;  
He said they were a motley crew  
Who'd planned this wicked plot.

They put him back within his boat  
All by himself to be,  
To live or die whate'er he liked  
Upon the wavy sea.

The captain went about his work  
As mad as he could be,  
When he had heard the little man  
Escaped from death at sea.

## 7. References

For helpful information on metre rhyme, stanza forms, and types of poetry, the following books are suggested:

Burton, S. H. Criticism of Poetry. Longmans, Green and Company. Toronto 1950  
Rosenthal, M. L. and A. J. M. Smith. Exploring Poetry. MacMillan Co., Toronto.

1955.

Hamilton, Anne. How to Revise Your Own Poems. The Writer Inc., New York 1945  
Harris, L. S. The Nature of English Poetry. J. M. Dent and Sons. Toronto, 1951  
Diltz, B. D. Poetic Pilgrimage. Clarke, Irwin. Toronto. 1942.  
A rhyming dictionary.

## UNIT FIVE: DRAMA

The writing of drama is anything but simple, and not all students taking English Language 21 should be required to produce full-length plays. However, all class members should have some experience in the writing of a few script-type assignments. In addition, they should establish some critical yardsticks for the judging of dramatic performances and for the appreciation of dramatic literature.

The following suggested activities may be of assistance in introducing students to the concepts of dramatic writing:

Activities:

1. Write short scripts for the following:
  - a. A TV commercial suitable for a particular program.
  - b. A radio commercial.
  - c. An announcement for a coming school event for use at a school assembly program or over the P.A. system.
  - d. A two-minute introduction (interview type) of a well-known person, suitable for an Ed Sullivan Show.
2. Write five- or ten-minute scripts to illustrate the following:
  - a. Correct Parliamentary Procedure
  - b. How Not to Prepare a Group Report
  - c. The Joys of Reading
3. Prepare scripts for the following:
  - a. A half-hour variety program suitable for a school assembly (This can be a task undertaken by a committee of students working within the limits of an overall theme.)
  - b. A documentary based on the material of a social studies unit.
  - c. A review of an author's works, a biographical note on the author, etc. suitable for a tape-recorded program.
4. Rewrite, in dramatic form, part or all of a suitable literature text selection.

After the students have demonstrated their proficiency in the writing of dialogue, original one-act plays should be attempted. These may be stage, radio or TV plays according to the wishes of the student; but the student should be aware of the basic principles to be followed when writing for the medium he has chosen. Material similar to the following might be given to the class.

Writing a One-Act Play for the Stage:

1. Everything that has been said about plots in the short story is applicable to the one-act play.

2. The words we labor over for such a long time take a very short time to say. The plot must be sufficiently complex to provide for twenty minutes or more of dialogue.
3. The number of characters in the play is not as important as the part each one plays. Each character must have enough to say and do to justify his being in the play.
4. In a one-act play the writer must be particularly careful to observe the unities of time and place. Sometimes a short lapse of time may be indicated by the lowering of the stage lights or the dropping and raising of the curtain, but usually it is best to keep to one scene, which means one time and one place.
5. Too much movement of people on and off the stage should be avoided. If not, the viewer gets the impression that he is watching a series of fragments rather than an integrated whole.
6. Any actor on stage must be there for a purpose; he must be saying and/or doing something.
7. Every bit of dialogue must move the play forward. Characters in a play do not make small talk unless it has a purpose in the play.
8. The situation and background must be supplied in the dialogue near the start of the play. Sometimes this information can be given by two minor characters such as servants working in the room and talking, or in a conversation between two members of the family, one of whom may have just returned from a journey.
9. Every piece of property (even cushions and footstools) must be useful in the play -- that is, everything beyond the essential furnishings of the room.
10. Every speech should be characteristic of the person speaking it.
11. Stock or type characters should be avoided. A teenager should only be a typical teenager in some respects; beyond that he should have some characteristics which make him an individual.
12. The beginners should not try to write a play in which one character is wholly disliked (For example, a character who has a slightly mean part should have a chance to reinstate himself before the end of the play.)
13. The play must not be drawn out beyond the climax. The solution to the problem posed in the play should follow the climax very quickly. It should be plausible but contain an element of the unexpected. The solution will often serve as the conclusion; do not labor the ending of the play.
14. If possible, the end of the play should give all or most of the characters a chance to appear on the stage again. This makes a natural finale.



## Writing for Radio

1. A review of the material in English for Today for Grade Ten would be useful at this point. Reference might also be made to The Odyssey of Runyan Jones in Creative Living, Book Five.
2. The special problems of radio writing should be discussed. Some of these are:
  - a. the limitation of sound (the only medium of expression)
  - b. the need for particularly vivid vocabulary to "paint" the scene and the characters
  - c. split-second timing
  - d. use of music for the introduction, transition, setting, etc.
  - e. the need for variety of rhythm, voice, action, etc. to retain the rather unstable audience

## References

Wilde, Percival, The Craftsmanship of the One-Act Play.

Crown Publishing Company. New York. 1951.

Ervine, St. John, How to Write a Play. Macmillan. Toronto. 1928.

Wyllie, Max. Radio and Television Writing. Rinehart and Co. New York 1949

White, Melvin R., Beginning Radio Production. The Northwestern Press.  
Minneapolis. 1950

Niggli, Josephine. Pointers on Radio Writing. The Writer, Inc. Boston. 1946

Dixon, Peter, Radio Writing. The Century Co., New York. 1931

White, Melvin R. Beginning Radio Production. Northwestern Press. 1950

French, Levenson and Rockwell, Radio English. McGraw-Hill. 1952

Roberts, Edward Barry, Television Writing and Selling. The Writer Inc., Boston



APPENDIX A  
JOURNALISM

Ad - abbreviation for advertisement; generally, display work

Advance - a story about something not yet happened, often held for a specified release date

All up - when copy is set

Angle - a slant or special aspect of a story

A.P. - Associated Press

Art - general term for all newspaper illustrations

Assignment - any news-gathering task allotted to a reporter. He may be assigned to obtain a news story, an angle, a picture, etc.

Assignment Book - the city editor's record of assignments given out to reporters

Astonisher - an exclamation mark

Ax-grinder - an editorial dressed up as news

- - - - -

Bark - table on which type is kept, also lower portion of a headline

Banner - a headline stretching over the top of a page (also called a "streamer" or "line")

Beat - a news item that is the exclusive property of one paper, a scoop; also, a special territory assigned to reporters

B.F. - abbreviation for black face

Blanket Head - a headline topping all of the columns occupied by a given story or newspaper department

Body type - the type in which the greater part of the newspaper is set

Boilerplate - news matter and features purchased from syndicates in the form of thin metal plates which are attached to metal bases when it is printed

Boil it down - reduce wordage

Border - strips of type metal used to form boxes about headline or story (stars, dots, wavy lines, etc.)

Box head - a headline enclosed by thin strips of metal forming a box

Box story - a news story or feature enclosed in a "box"

Break - the point at which a story turns from one column to another; a story breaks when it becomes available for publication, news is said to break when it happens

Bromide - a hackneyed expression

Byline - the writer's signature preceding a story

- - - - -

Canned copy - copy released by press agents

Caption - picture heading and the accompanying text

Catchline - guideline or slugline

City Editor - editor in charge of the city room, handles local news

City Room - room in which local news is handled

Clean proof - proof needing few corrections

Copy - all news manuscript

Correspondent - one authorized to send in news from out-of-town

Cover - to get all available news about an event

C.P. - Canadian Press

Credit line - a line giving source of copy or illustration

Crusade - newspaper campaign for reform

Cub - a beginning reporter

- - - - -

Dateline - line at the top of each page, giving the date on which the newspaper is published; also the line giving the point of origin of a teletyped story

Deadline - last moment to get copy in

Dingbat - printer's term for ornament used in headline or with cuts

Dope - advance story material, mostly gossip and rumors

Dummy - diagram or layout of a newspaper or magazine page, showing the position of each story and picture

- - - - -

Ears - little boxes on either side of the newspaper title plate on first page (generally carry weather prediction, circulation figures, edition name, etc.)

Editorialize - to express an opinion in a news story or headline

Electrotype - a duplicate of a photo-engraving, cast from a mat made from the original cut

Em - the square of any given size of type; formerly it was the space occupied by the letter "m"

Exchanges - where one newspaper exchanges copies with another

Exclusive - a story property of one paper only

Feature - to give special prominence to a story; any story that may not be news, strictly regarded, but is timely and interesting to readers; the term used to denote the most important or interesting element

Filler - short items that may be placed almost anywhere on the page, particularly to fill in corners and blank spaces

Flag - the first-page nameplate of the newspaper; the editorial heading; a lead sticking up in the midst of a column of type to warn the printer that a correction is needed

Flash - a bulletin by telephone, telegraph or radio that conveys the first brief word of an event that has just taken place

Flimsy - a thin, carbon copy of a news story

Flush head - a headline set flush to the left with a ragged ending of lines to the right

Fold - the point at which the newspaper is folded in half. All important news is placed above the fold

Folio - a page, the page number

Follow, follow-up - a follow story is one based on a story previously published giving later developments

Future - a note about a story that will develop later kept in futures book by the editor

Galley - metal tray on which printer keeps type ready for use

Glossy - a shiny photographic print

Guideline - the slug or title given each story as a guide to printer

Handout - copy from press agents

Head - headline

Hold for release - put on copy that is not to be printed until certain date

Human interest - any pleasant little news oddity about people; stories with conversation and action, but not necessarily straight news

Interview - story based on interview

Italics - type with a slant

Jump - the continuation of a news story from one page to another

Jump heads - headlines for jump story

Lead - introductory sentences or paragraphs of a news story; the big story of the day; a tip

Leaders - a row of dots, often used in statistics, sports stories

Legmen - reporters who get the information and telephone it to the rewrite men in the office

Local - a local news story

Localize - stress local angle

Makeup - the art of arranging pictures and news matter in a paper

Masthead - the matter printed in every issue stating title, publisher, place of publication, etc.

Mill - reporter's typewriter

More - written at bottom of page of copy to indicate story continues

Morgue - library (clippings, photos)

Patent Insides - ready-print insides for country papers

Photoengraving - picture photographed on metal, etched for printing

Play up - give prominence to

Press agent - person hired to obtain publicity for person or institution

Proof - impression of type taken on paper for first check on material

Proofreader - one who corrects copy

Public relations - the science and art of attitude control

Rewrite - men who receive information over the telephone and write it up; rewrite poorly written stories, boil down syndicate material

Slant - an angle of a story, a story slanted to play up policy

Slug - linetype line

Spot news - news gotten firsthand

"Stet" - "Let it stand"

Subhead - a one or two-line head used to break up a long story

Thirty - closing mark for story

Tight paper - a paper so crowded with advertisements that the news space must be reduced

Time copy - copy set in type and held for future use

Tip - a bit of information leading to a news story

Underlines - lines or text to be run beneath cuts, etc.

U.P. - United Press

Yellow journalism - a sensationalized story; a yellow journal specializes in

# HISTORY OF A NEWS STORY

## The Event

Eye-witnesses

Officials, police

Records

Tips

Gathered up by reporters who  
may be . . .

Staff reporters

Correspondents

News Bureau writers (e.g. CP)

Rewrite Men

Facts and details assembled  
into a "story" or "copy"

Telegraph Editor

City Editor

Sports Editor

Copy desk for editing and  
heading

Composing room -- set in type

Proof readers for checking

Make-up men -- put into page forms, papier mache mat is made of each page --  
stereotypers cast page into a cylinder.

Pressroom for Printing

Circulation Department --  
mailing room

trucks

mail

newsboys

Reader - doorstep  
post office, or  
news stand



All of the following stories have news value. Which would you put in a column of "briefs", and which would you write up as separately as news stories. Support your answers with reasons.

1. A test covering the work taken in literature since the beginning of the term was given by Miss Burton last Thursday. Miss Burton announced that the marks received would count as one-half of the grading for the first report card mark.
2. Mr. Baker's Social Studies 30 classes attended the City Council meeting last Monday evening when Jim Gordon, a student of the school made an appeal to Council for monetary assistance for Teen-Town Building Fund.
3. Janet Schmidt, Grade Ten student, left last Friday night for a tour of Germany with her parents. She will be gone three months.
4. A week from this Friday is the opening date of the Boys' Basketball League. All three schools will play against each other in the annual Round-robin Benefit Night feature.
5. The cast for the school play was chosen last week. Mavis Dale is to play Rosalind, Douglas Trainor is to play Orlando. The play is Shakespeare's "As You Like It".
6. Clara Porter played a number of piano solos on a musical program on CFCN Sunday afternoon.
7. The Girls' House League is now organized. It includes four senior teams and six junior.
8. School Board carpenters have built a new set of book cases in the library this past week. They are to be used for Leisure Reading books.
9. Next Thursday the Boys' Hi-Y will meet for an organization meeting. The executive will be elected at that time.
10. Charlotte Lee, Barbara McFarland and Jessica Jamieson went to Banff last weekend. All are Grade Twelve students.
11. Ten years ago this month the school won its first basketball trophy. At present, we are at the bottom of the league.
12. The Art Department has produced half a dozen posters for the dance on Friday night.
13. The inspectors from the Department of Education will visit the school in January.
14. Christmas exams will be held for the four days immediately preceding the vacation period.
15. An extra grant of Five Hundred Dollars has been given to the school library for this term.

# SOURCES OF SCHOOL NEWS

What news items might the following contribute for a school paper?

1. The Daily Bulletin
2. The School Librarian
3. The Principal
4. Head of the Guidance Department
5. President of the Students' Union
6. Coach of the Football Team
7. Faculty Adviser of the Boys' Hi-Y
8. President of the Home and School Association
9. A New Teacher
10. Head Caretaker
11. Head of the English-Social Studies Department
12. A Retired Teacher
13. Yearbook Editor
14. Girls' Physical Education Teacher
15. A New Pupil
16. The Drama Teacher
17. Coach of the Girls' Senior Team
18. Caretaker in the Gym
19. School Secretary
20. Treasurer of the Union

From what other sources might school news be obtained?

From what other sources might the editorial staff receive news which, although not about school activities, is of interest to the student body?

-----

If you were asked to write news stories on the following, what questions would you make up to ask a person whom you are about to interview?

1. Report Cards
2. University Entrance Requirements
3. Union Financing
4. The Drama Production of the Year
5. The Junior Boys' Basketball Team
6. Personality Sketch of the Union President
7. A New Teacher
8. School Spirit
9. Haircuts
10. Content of a New Course

The following are lists of facts to be used in writing news stories. In what order would you use them for a news story?

1. A prize has been offered for the best snapshot of campus life. It is offered by the Camera Club.

The prize-winning photos will be published in the yearbook.

The prizes are as follows: 1st -- \$3.00  
2nd -- \$2.00  
3rd -- \$1.00

The photos will be judged by a committee of teachers. All entries must be handed in the yearbook office before December 1.

2. Our school will play Western in the first game of the Senior Boys' Basketball Playoff this Friday.

We are in second place at the present time.

Western's high scorer, Jim Burns, has a sprained ankle and may not play.

Tickets are limited in number. Students who wish to buy them must get them immediately.

The coach says he expects to "take the first game".

For the past two weeks the team has been practising hard, having had several extra practices.

3. The first dance of the school term was held last Friday.

All Grade Ten students were admitted free.

Approximately two hundred and fifty students were in attendance.

The dance was planned by the Union executive.

Spot dance prizes were won by Jack Ferguson and Marie Dixon, Fred Miller and Sheila West, Bob Vernon and Claire Patton, Rod Kellar and Bette Lanning.

The stage was decorated with a huge rugby ball, football sweaters and equipment.

4. The Calgary Herald is sponsoring an editorial writing contest.

Entries are to be handed in by November 15.

Length -- 200 words or less.

Topic -- anything suitable for an editorial.

Classes -- Adult (over eighteen)

Student (under eighteen)

Prizes -- First: \$5.00

Second: \$2.00

Third: \$1.00

Winning editorials and those receiving "Honorable Mention" will be published in The Herald.

5. All Grade Ten Social Studies students are going to participate in a Mock Election.

They will vote on the candidates in the civic election on the same day as the civic election is held, November 5.

Polling booths are to be used. Also regulation ballots.

The "election results" will be posted the day following the voting.

The program is under the direction of Miss Jackson, Social Studies teacher.

Writing Leads

In the writing of leads, the most important fact of the story must appear within the first few words (preferably four). Which of the following facts would you place first?

1. A meeting of boys interested in playing junior basketball was held in the gym Monday.  
One hundred boys attended.  
The coach had the boys fill out application forms listing the years they had played, the position they played and the school for which they played last year.
2. The Girls' Y-Teen has now been organized for this term.  
Beverley Short is the new president, Joanna Goodison the secretary, Marrienne Rock the press convener, and Hilda Fox the treasurer.  
The first meeting was held Thursday noon.
3. A school assembly was held Friday morning during the first two periods.  
The principal made the following announcements: a School Patrol for the term has been organized and students are asked to cooperate with the patrol officers, the first report card of the term will be issued Nov. 7, the opening football game is to be held Friday night, a dance is to be held at the School immediately following the game.
4. Members of the Art classes have designed and made simple toys during the first semester.  
The toys are to be donated to the children in the Junior Red Cross Crippled Children's Hospital.  
Students have tried to make all of the toys suitable for use of children who are in bed.
5. A moustache-growing contest is being held in the school.  
It is to last one month.  
Entrants register in the Union office on the morning of Nov. 1  
All entrants are to be clean-shaven on the day of entry.
6. During the month of September class attendance records reached a new high - 91%  
The following classes were particularly high: 10E (94.2%), 11A (92%), 10C (92.9%), 12B (94.9%) and 11H (93.1%).  
The school average last term was 88.7%.
7. The Home and School Association to be held on October 5 will feature a panel made up of a teacher (Mr. T. Rhodes), a parent (Mrs. E. Lee), a business man (Mr. E. Burton), and a pupil (Les White, school president)  
The panel will discuss "The Benefits of a High School Education".  
The meeting is to be held in the auditorium.  
The time of the meeting is 8:15.  
Students, parents and teachers are invited to attend.
8. An English Club, a new club, has been started in the school.  
Students who have particularly high marks in English will be invited to join.  
The group will hear speakers and criticize poems and stories.



How would you revise the following defective leads? Rewrite them to make them more vivid as well as correct in form.

1. The principal announced that students who attended the Union meetings regularly as official class representatives would be given special consideration for term-end service awards.
2. There will be a meeting of all students interested in trying-out for the oratorical contest in Room 10 at 4:00 p.m. next Tuesday. Staff adviser Mr. James made the announcement today.
3. The Glee Club is going to present a special Christmas program at a special school assembly on Dec. 14. There will be carol-singing for all the students and special Christmas numbers by the Glee Club. Miss Wilson, music teacher, is in charge of the arrangements.
4. After considerable discussion among members of the Boys' Athletic Association Board, the Board has decided to sell season's tickets for the Boys' Basketball League. The cost of each ticket will be Two Dollars.
5. The school yearbook is going to have a special frontispiece made with a silk-screen process. It has been designed and executed by art students under the direction of the teacher.
6. Five new cheerleaders have been chosen from the thirty girls who competed for the honors. They are Gretta Smith (11D), June Delaney (10A), Myrtle Atkinson (11E), Jill Jergens (11B), and Ethel Barkeley (11G). A committee of teachers and students chose them.
7. A special showing of "Julius Caesar" for students of our school is being given in the auditorium Thursday at 3:00. Student who purchase their tickets before Wednesday noon will be excused from the last-period class to see the movie.
8. A committee of faculty and students has been chosen to select the annual school play. The members are now reading four plays from which the final play will be chosen. The four plays are: "Junior Miss", "The Corn is Green", "Our Town" and "Twelfth Night".
9. Members of the school paper editorial staff who do particularly well in their work for the term will be presented with Quill and Scroll Society membership pins in June.
10. A successful dance was held last Friday night. It was called "Student Stomp" and about 200 students attended. The stage and hall were decorated with huge pencils, slates, blackboards, notebooks and assignment sheets.
11. The principal announced yesterday that no more subscriptions for the school yearbook would be taken at the office after Friday.
12. The Senior Boys' Basketball team is lucky in getting a new recruit from Los Angeles, a new student called "Dizzy" Jackson who plays centre position and has a particularly good hook shot.

Many sportswriters write up games from scoresheets when they cannot attend the games. Try your hand at just such an activity with the following information. Decide which team belongs to your school and name the opposition. (Half of the class should write the story as if your school were the winner, the other half as if you were the losers. Then, compare the results.)

Basketball game -- between Teams A and B (decide on the home team)

Thursday, Dec. 15 at 4:00 p.m.

officials -- Jim Harrow, Fred Yale

scorer -- Gladys Bell

timer -- Elaine Flewelling

Team A:	First Quarter	Second Quarter	Third Quarter	Fourth Q.
Della Peters (F)	2 2 2 1	0 1 0	2 2	2
Lil Turner (F)	2 0	0 0 0 1	0 1 0	0 2
Millie Fox (F)		2 2	1 0	2
Lois Carder (F)		2		2
Gerry Mills (G)	2	0	2	0 1
Zelma Keats (G)	2	0 0 1		
Alice Ronnie (G)	2 0 1	2 0 0	1 2	
Sue Piper (G)		1		0 0
Jen Jenkins (C)		2 2	2	
Chris Merton (C)				2
Totals	16	16	13	11
			<u>Final Total:</u>	56

Team B:	First Quarter	Second Quarter	Third Quarter	Fourth Q
Billy Holmes (F)	2 2 2	0 1	0 0	2
Amy Young (F)	2	0 0 0	1	1
Stella Sills (F)		2	2	
Shirley Toms (F)	2 2			
Elaine Henry (G)	1	1 1	2	0 0
Yvonne Johns (G)	2 2	2		
Carol Coutts (G)	1		2	2
Anne Barton (G)	2	2 2	1	1
Cora Burns (C)		1		
Dede Rushton (C)			0 0	
Totals	20	12	8	6
			<u>Final Total</u>	46

#### Personal Fouls Record:

Team A -- Peters .....	3	Team B -- Toms.....	5 (off in 2nd)
Ronnie .....	5 (off in 3rd)	Young.....	3
Piper .....	4	Henry.....	4
Fox .....	4	Johns.....	5 (off in 4th)
Carder .....	3	Sills.....	3
Merton .....	1	Holmes....	3
		Coutts....	3
		Barton....	2
		Burns ....	1

NEWS WRITING

Using the following material write interesting news stories.

1. On November 10 a school assembly was held to commemorate "Remembrance Day". The stage was decorated with flags and strips of bunting. The principal announced that the first report card would be issued Friday, that our team would play C. on Friday evening in the regular football league game, and that the total registration of the school is larger than it has ever been. Lt.-Col. Andrews spoke to the assembly. He said: "Students are so young, so untried in the ways of the world...Yet, in school, you have learned valuable lessons in citizenship...One important lesson you have learned is to cherish democracy...Your fathers and grandfathers offered their lives, their most valuable possessions, on the altar of freedom...They fought in two devastating wars that you might live in peace, go to school daily and learn the lessons of democracy, and in later years live as citizens of a free nation."

Two minutes silence was held in memory of the war dead. The silence was ended by a prayer given by Rev. R. T. Holden. The following memorial scholarships were presented:

Home and School Memorial Scholarship -- June Deacon (12C)

James Rittle Airman Award -- Dick Williams (11B)

City of Calgary War Memorial Scholarship -- Carl Von Volken (12B)

All scholarships were presented by the principal.

2. The following students from our school won prizes in the recent art show sponsored by the Coste House Art Group:

Grade Twelve Abstract -- James Gooding (First Prize)

Grade Twelve Still-Life -- Anne Miller (Honorable Mention)

Grade Eleven Lino-cut -- Jenny Chabu (First Prize)

Grade Eleven Water-color Landscape -- Lance Black (Second Prize)

Grade Eleven Still-life -- Lawrence Quong (Third Prize)

Grade Ten Water-Color Landscape -- Joan Hurst (Second Prize)

James Gooding received a Special Prize (\$10.00) for the best work in the show.

The prizes were: First (\$3.00), Second (\$2.00), Third (\$1.00).

Each grade had classes in still-life, portrait, lino-cut, water-color landscape and abstract.

The show was called "The Spirit of Youth in Art"; It was on view during the first two weeks of November.

3. The school play is to be presented during the week of March 15. It is "Junior Miss". Jeanette Luxton has the lead, being doublecast with May Milton.

Sets have been designed by Mark Doodle. The set is to be made soon.

The Stage Manager is Ted Workham.

Property Mistress is Sue Shallso. Costumes assembled by Jan. 15.

Rehearsals are being held daily for the various scenes.

Music Director is Elizabeth Lisson, member of the Calgary Symphony.

The play requires a modern setting and modern costumes.

Lighting is under the direction of Sam Leight.

At present, all jobs are being done on schedule. Certain deadlines have been set for each piece of work to be completed.



A mothers' and sons' banquet is to take place tomorrow night. All boys of the school and their mothers are eligible to attend. It is designated as a "Shipmates" banquet.

The "Four Aces" male quartet, composed of boys from your glee club, is to sing a group of sea songs. The members of the quartet are Douglas Moorhead, George Watkins, Robert Peters, and Ralph Hume. Gordon Craig, the accompanist for your glee club, will play the piano accompaniment for the songs.

Richard Hawkins is in charge of decorations. He is assisted by Ralph Potter. Both boys are seniors.

Robert H. Smith, school chorus director, will lead in community singing. Velma Fulton, senior, will play the piano accompaniment.

Robert Fuller, sophomore, will sing two tenor solos. Dorothy Lapman, senior, will play his accompaniment.

James Wick, Hi-Y Club president, will present a toast to the mothers. Mrs. Thomas H. Burke and Mrs. Carl T. Thomas will speak in behalf of the mothers. "Mothers and Sons as Shipmates" will be the subject of the talk given by Mrs. Thomas. "To the Sons" will be Mrs. Burke's subject. Randolph Clark, senior president, is to act as toastmaster.

Following these newswriting exercises are examples of student writing taken from Alberta school papers.

"Boil it down!"

Because of the necessity for brevity and conciseness in newswriting, all superfluous words should be eliminated from newspaper copy. Consider the following and decide what could be removed.

- |                         |                               |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. all the different    | 16. made out of               |
| 2. an actual fact       | 17. may perhaps               |
| 3. another one          | 18. meeting held in           |
| 4. appear to be         | 19. men who are employed      |
| 5. at about             | 20. most perfect              |
| 6. at a time when       | 21. nobody else but           |
| 7. board of directors   | 22. of a triangular shape     |
| 8. both of them         | 23. reason is because         |
| 9. by means of          | 24. red coloured              |
| 10. cannot be possible  | 25. report to the effect that |
| 11. cost the sum of     | 26. seem to be                |
| 12. certain person      | 27. short space of time       |
| 13. close proximity     | 28. show in order to          |
| 14. depreciate in value | 29. still continue            |
| 15. engaged in building | 30. there are many who        |



- |                             |                                |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 31. during or in the course | 46. to where                   |
| 32. entire monopoly         | 47. together with              |
| 33. first began             | 48. past history or experience |
| 34. finally settled         | 49. perhaps it may             |
| 35. final completion        | 50. somebody or other          |
| 36. from hence (or whence)  | 51. some time (to come)        |
| 37. first of all            | 52. from that time on          |
| 38. for a period of         | 53. future prospects           |
| 39. for the month of        | 54. hour of noon               |
| 40. for the purpose of      | 55. small sized                |
| 41. intents and purposes    | 56. subject matter             |
| 42. in the meantime         | 57. throughout the whole       |
| 43. in the city of Tulsa    | 58. when first                 |
| 44. in the year 1936        | 59. inasmuch as                |
| 45. last of all             | 60. very interesting           |

### "Bromides"

rendered a vocal solo	never in the history of	news leaked out
everything went nicely	was the recipient of	enjoyable occasion
doomed to disappointment	last but not least	untiring efforts
it goes without saying	tired but happy	breathless silence
as luck would have it	each and every	tiny tots
haughty seniors	long felt want	fair maidens
had the privilege	proud professor of	light fantastic
had charge of the	last sad rites	most outstanding
scripture	among other things	a meeting was held
	hardest fought game	well under way

### Journalism Style-book

#### Appearance:

1. Double-spaced typing.
2. One-inch margins on all sides.
3. On each page the following information should be placed at the top: page number, "guide" line (e.g. "assembly story"), reporter's name.
4. Write "More" on the bottom of each page until the last page is reached.
5. At the end of the story put the symbol "30".
6. Reread carefully for typing errors.

#### General Directions for Writing of the Story

1. Make sure all names are correctly spelled.
2. No editorializing.
3. Use of third-person.
4. Short, vivid sentences.
5. Short paragraphs.
6. Avoid trite phrases and ideas.
7. Avoid too many superlatives.
8. Begin each paragraph with a different word to provide variety.
9. write story to fit day of publication. (Something may have to be written in the past tense even though it may not have happened at the time of writing.)
10. Avoid "buddy" approach. ("Hiya, gang, let's help the good ol' team out.")
11. Make every sentence so important to your story that it cannot be left out.

Names:

1. The first time a feminine member of the staff is referred to, use the complete name preceded by "Miss" or "Mrs."  
e.g. Miss E. B. Wood
2. The second and succeeding times that the woman is mentioned, use the title without the initials.
3. The first time a masculine member of the staff is referred to, use the complete name preceded by "Mr."  
e.g. Mr. J. T. Edwards
4. The second and succeeding times when a male staff member is mentioned, the name should appear without the initials.
5. The above rules apply to any other mature persons mentioned in stories whether connected with the school or not.
6. The first time a student is referred to, his full name should be given. Do not use "Miss" or "Mr."
7. The second and succeeding times when a student is mentioned he should be referred to by his first name, only. (Optional in sports stories.)
8. Titles or phrases of identification of more than two words must follow the name and not be capitalized.  
e.g. Mr. A. F. Hilton,  
director of guidance.....  
Vice-Principal Young....
9. When giving a list of names as in an election returns story, titles or phrases of identification must follow the name.  
e.g. Elected to office were the following: Helen Holt, president; Gwen Jones, secretary..
10. When giving names, do not give the first initial only. Use two initials or the entire first name.

Numbers:

1. Spell out numbers 1 to 9, use figures above 9.
2. Use figures only for athletic contests, dates, ages, time, house numbers, sums of money, percentages, degrees.
3. Never begin a sentence with a number written as a figure.
4. Never use "d", "rd", "st", etc. when writing dates.
5. Never write the date when the event is happening within a week of publication.
6. When some numbers are above ten and others below use figures throughout.
7. Spell out numbers of centuries.
8. To express a sum of money less than one dollar, use figures and the word "cents".
9. Never use ciphers when giving the exact hour.  
e.g. 10 a.m. (not 10:00 a.m.)
10. Never use ciphers to show an even number of dollars.  
e.g. \$10 (not \$10.00)

Capitalization:

1. Capitalize names of school buildings when the official name is used.  
e.g. the West Wing
2. Never capitalize the names of buildings when the reference is general.
3. Do not capitalize the names of administrative offices.  
e.g. the principal's office
4. Do not capitalize names of rooms.  
( the science room )
5. Capitalize reference to specific courses. (e.g. Language 20)
6. Capitalize the names of clubs if the word "club" is part of the title.

## Capitalization (comtd.)

7. Capitalize the names of traditional affairs.  
e.g. Graduation Ball
8. Use small caps for the name of the school paper or yearbook.  
e.g. the WEEPER, ACATEC
9. Never capitalize the seasons of the year.
10. Capitalize the principal words in the titles of books, plays, debates, songs, and lectures as well as the first word in such titles.
11. Capitalize titles when they precede a proper name.  
e.g. Principal W. T. Mather

## Punctuation

The rules listed (in the following column) are those most-often broken by school paper reporters. Thus, not all punctuation rules are listed.

### Commas:

1. To set off appositives or phrases of identification.  
e.g. Tom Dodd, club president,
2. To set off words, phrases, or clauses used in a series.

### Semicolon:

1. Do not use a semicolon where a period will serve the same purpose.
2. Use the semicolon to indicate the main divisions of an enumeration or formal list.  
e.g. Those present were: Dick Gold, AMM; Velma Thomson, GA; Sally Jenkins, Girls' Sports;

### Colon:

1. Use to introduce a formal list as in "2" above.  
Begin a new paragraph after the colon if the list that follows is not short.
2. To state time, e.g. 3:40 p.m.
3. After the introduction of a long, formal quotation of one or more paragraphs.

### Hyphen:

1. Use when two or more words are used to express a single idea (all compound adjectives).  
e.g. a seven-yard gain, the 50-yard line
2. Use a hyphen for vice-principal and vice-president.

### Apostrophe:

1. Use followed by "s" to form the possessive of most singular nouns.
2. To indicate class name.  
e.g. 11E's, 12A's.

### Quotation Marks:

1. To enclose a quotation.  
"We'll win," declared the coach.
2. Use single quotation marks for a direct quotation within a quotation.

- Functions of Headlines:
1. to inform the reader (tell the story briefly)
  2. grade the news and organize the news
  3. dress up the paper and make it more readable
  4. lure the reader into the story

- Writing Heads:
1. must fit the space
  2. must tell the story clearly
  3. must tell the story accurately
  4. play up the feature in the first deck
  5. contain feature of story in skeleton form
  6. must have a verb (or implied -- e.g. "is", "are")
  7. not start with verb (or infinitive)
  8. present tense for all past events
  9. future events in future tense
  10. active voice
  11. Omit all articles and weak verbs ("a", "the", "is")
  12. Never repeat a word in the decks (use synonyms)
  13. Never end line with preposition or weak verb
  14. Don't use abbreviations -- except accepted ones
  15. Never use "Mr." in a head
  16. Make each deck tell something new
  17. Use single "quotes"
  18. Avoid days of week, or "yesterday", "today", etc.
  19. Use active, vigorous verbs whenever possible
  20. No word division

Types of Heads:

1. Step line head -- EUROPE SEEKS  
COMMON GROUND  
FOR RECOVERY
2. Cross line head -- one full line across page -- THREE CARS STOLEN
3. Inverted pyramid -- TWO IN HOSPITAL  
AFTER CRASH  
ON ROAD
4. Floating head -- CANADIANS BOMB  
BERLIN TWICE  
IN HEAVY RAID
5. Hanging indent head -- RALPH MOSES GETS  
SCOUTDOM'S V. C.  
FOR HIGH COURAGE
6. Dingbat head -- REBUILD COUTTS HIGHWAY  
NNN NNN NNN  
Work to Start in Spring

Counting Heads:

All letters count one unit except M and W (1½ counts each), and  
I, i and l (¾ count each).  
Spaces between words count ¼.  
Punctuation counts as ¼.



General News Story - a well-organized news story which lists all the important information in inverted pyramid style, uses a variety of paragraph lengths, includes a large number of names, and does not "editorialize" (make an opinion comment).

#### ASSEMBLY HONORS TOP STUDENTS

W       W       W

Air Force Veteran  
Is Guest Speaker

On Wednesday, Nov. 10th, a combined Memorial and Scholarship Assembly was held in the auditorium of Western Canada High School.

Mr. Lawrence Parker, principal of Colonel Walker Junior High School and former science teacher at Western, was the guest speaker. Mr. Parker addressed the student body in a serious vein, speaking of the deep significance of Remembrance Day which is observed on November 11th across the nation - a day on which the people of Canada pause to bow their heads in memory of the Glorious Dead of two World Wars.

Mr. Parker spoke of the many former Western students who sacrificed their lives in World War II. He reminded the students that many of the scholarships which are presented at this time honor the memory of those students who died for their king and country. The speaker emphasized that it is the solemn duty of our present students to be ever mindful of the supreme sacrifice of those young men whose names are recalled on Remembrance Day. It is so easy to forget.

Highlight of the morning was the presentation by Mr. Woodman of the F. L. Woodman Scholarship for \$100.00 to Don Gill. Don is the first winner of this particular scholarship which was established last year after Mr. Woodman's retirement.

Twelve other scholarships, valued at \$480.00, were presented to outstanding students for the 1953-54 school term. The scholarship for \$50.00 given by the Western Home and School Association to perpetuate the memory of former Western students killed in World War II was won by

Mary Derus, a grade twelve student last year. The second Home and School Scholarship also went to a grade twelve student, Alice Hashimoto. The P. S. Woodall Memorial Scholarship for \$75.00 was awarded to Sydney Kenn; the John F. Filteau Memorial Scholarship for \$50.00 to Adolph Cwynar; and the Bob Clark Memorial Scholarship for \$50.00 to Terry Hogan.

The McKillop Scholarship for \$25.00 was awarded to Allan Lee.

The three Students' Union Scholarships for \$50.00 each, for general proficiency, were won by Elaine Stagg (Grade 12), Pat Berreth (Grade 11) and Barbara Borgal (Grade 10).

Winners of the Douglas Norton Scholarships for \$20.00 each were: Beverley Sawyer and Ronnie Lee, Grade 11 and Everal Borgal and Garry Porter, Grade 10.

Since many of these scholarships are given in memory of the war dead, they are presented to the Remembrance Day assembly.

Under the direction of Miss Powell, the Glee Club produced two musical selections "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" with clarinet obligato by Jean Frye, and "The Lord is my Shepherd."

The newly organized school orchestra, also under the baton of Miss Powell, was heard in the selection, "The Heavens Are Telling."

News Story with a Twist - a rather dull subject achieved by an interesting lead and judicious use of statistics.

# SCHOOL ATTENDANCE CONTINUES TO DROP

"Spring has sprung,  
The grass has riz;  
I wonder where  
The students is?"

April, commonly known as Exam Month No. 2, showed a slight decrease in general school attendance.

However, as the nursery rhyme goes (with slight amendments, of course), "the ones that were high were very, very high, but the ones that were low were horrid!"

For the first time this year a senior class, 12B, tops the list with the grand total of 97.59%. And (will miracles never cease?) second place goes to another senior class, 12A, with 95.39%. Honorable mentions are in order for 12G with 94.62% and 12J and 10H with 94.02% each.

The attendance record for the 1954-55 term to date is as follows:  
September - 95.38%, October - 93.94%,  
November - 93.38%, December - 94.89%,  
January - 91.68%, February - 91.13%,  
March - 92.37%, and April - 91.50%.

Speech Report News Story - an example of a news story which opens with a quotation lead.

## EDWARDS "EYE OPENER" FAVORED BY OLDTIMERS

"Bob Edwards was one of Western Canada's most influential men of his generation," said Alderman McEwan in a talk given to 11G's English 20 class. Mr. McEwan spoke of a man whose life added a chapter in the story of journalism.

Mr. Edwards, who was born in Scotland, and received his university education there, came to North America in the hope of becoming a cowboy. Failing in this field, he travelled the country writing for several newspapers until he finally settled in Wetaskiwin. There he

started a newspaper called the "Wetaskiwin Sun". (He wanted to name it the Wetaskiwin Bottling Works because it was to be a corker, but society wouldn't permit.) His paper was the only one between Edmonton and Calgary, but didn't last long because his readers did not appreciate his very sarcastic humor.

Bob Edwards drifted from Leduc to Strathcona (now South Edmonton) to Winnipeg and finally to High River where his famous "Eye Opener" was born. The "Eye Opener" was a brief newspaper wherein he criticized social life in every form.

These "digs" to society finally ended his High River newspaper career when he encountered a gramophone salesman. This man intended to replace church choirs with recorded hymns. He had an appointment on the Sabbath in the High River Methodist Church to demonstrate his products. Bob and some of his friends who thought this sacrilegious, removed the records from the traveller's brief case and replaced them with popular songs. On the Sunday, all the townspeople were present to hear this strange "canned choir".

When the gramophone was connected, instead of playing "Nearer My God to Thee," it released "Pop Goes the Weasel". Bob was blamed for the incident, and he soon came to Calgary to live. Here he continued the publishing of the "Eye Opener" and was editor and "one man staff". The newspaper had no headings or captions and was published only "semi-occasionally". Despite this irregularity, his paper had the widest circulation between Winnipeg and the Pacific Coast. Edwards' influence travelled right across Canada and the Atlantic.

During the time of deciding on a capital city for Alberta (either Calgary or Edmonton), Bob made this statement: "With the aid of the half-breeds, no doubt Edmonton will outvote us." And it did!

Mr. Edwards would not print social news, but printed his own interpretation of society gossip.

Advance News Story - an example of an information-type news story which is the result of good liaison relationships with the administrative staff.

#### AWARDS DAY SLATED, 20th

On Monday, June 20th, students will gather in the auditorium for the last official gathering of the 1954-55 term - Awards Day.

Student awards of all types - athletic, service, and some academic - will be presented at this time. Good attendance is most desirable, for as the principal says, "Awards Day is one of the school functions that all should attend. It is a tribute and obligation to those receiving awards that the student body must fulfill by attending

This column consisted of such mythical characters as Peter McConical, editor of the Midnapore Gazette, and Horace McNure. He made these people so real that many readers became very confused about their identities.

In one of his social columns, Bob Edwards made this announcement: "Mrs. So-and-So will not entertain her friends at her regular Friday night musical meeting. Last night her husband entertained his friends at a "Boosical meeting".

Unfortunately, there are very few "Eye Openers" on record. Those few which have been treasured by pioneers will always be kept with a certain fascination as types of masterpieces written by the man who was voted Alberta's prize personality by the Knights of the Round Table.

the ceremony. Besides, school will not be officially dismissed until after this occasion."

If present plans are followed locker money will be refunded Friday afternoon, June 17th. Following the Awards Day assembly, the Grade X's and XI's will be dismissed for the term. Teachers will have June 21 in which to make final arrangements for Grade XII Departmental Examination.



News-Feature Example - There are times when a mere reporting of the facts is not sufficient. At such time the news story can become a news-feature, as did the following.

# THE GREAT RUBINOFF PLUS STRADIVARIUS . . . . . TEENSTERS

"Music hath charm to soothe the wild teen-agers." Students and teachers alike discovered the truth of this new saying at three o'clock on October 9, when the great violinist, David Rubinoff, a good-hearted, jovial Russian who has hobnobbed with Victor Herbert, Will Rogers, and George Gershwin, introduced his priceless 220 year old Stradivarius to 1313 kids who don't know much about classical music, who don't give a fig for Stradivarii, and who probably never heard of David Rubinoff before. Well, they're sorry now.

Those 1313 kids were spell-bound, actually fascinated, by the magic of Rubinoff's playing, and by his unique and forceful personality. Kids who don't hum anything but "Dragnet" sighed with disappointment when Rubinoff gave them a few bars of Chopin's Polonaise and then refused to go on. And they were fascinated not only by Rubinoff's music, but by his short, humorous speeches. These speeches showed the Maestro to be a simple man, unpolished almost to the point of brusqueness, not an exceptionally modest man, not an exceptionally cultured man, certainly not the boring, long-haired "square" the students expected to be confronted with. David Rubinoff showed himself to be a good man, and a generous man -- a man without much book learning, but with plenty of good horse sense. As he himself said, "some of the real folks you meet are just plain people."

Rubinoff didn't play for money, and he didn't play for fame. He played for fun. "I'd rather fiddle than be one of your teachers, anyway, I'll tell you that!" . . . and then, in a more serious tone,

"I feel that God gave me talent, and why not share it with a lot of people?"

Rubinoff shared his talent with the students of Crescent Heights High, and they were genuinely grateful. As one young freshman put it: "Boy is he gone!" A classical musician really has to be good to get that type of compliment from a typical teen-ager. Last comment heard about the Great Rubinoff's visit to Crescent: (One teacher to another, in an obviously envious tone): "Man, that guy wrapped those kids around his little finger!"



## "MUM" WAS THE WORD ON NEW YEAR RESOLVES

Elected to snoop about and find some of the new(sy) New Year's resolutions, I started out with gusto. But I have very little to report!

"What New Year's resolutions did you make?" was the question I posed to a likely-looking westernite in the gym.

"Not going to say. Then people won't know if I broke them or not," was the reply.

See what I mean? Old Man Time completed the circle of another year, and I completed a circle survey, which gave me -- resolutions which were either too uninteresting to report, or too important to the resolvers to be divulged.

Many refused to disclose their promises, and some didn't make any. Of course, I heard about students who should have made some in regard to doing their homework, getting to bed on time, or cleaning out their lockers -- but didn't . . . They hope to "get by".

A number of people look on this business of making resolutions as a lot of foolishness. "Why make them to break them?" is their comment.

Speaking of breaking resolutions . . . remember it isn't easy to keep them. Put yourself in the place of the "heavier than she wishes to be" girl who is offered a delicious dish of her favorite dessert. Anybody got some will-power?

Anyway, whether you've made resolutions or not -- the best of luck for the coming year!

## THIS 'N THAT Who Started April Fool's Day?

April Fool's Day was originated by an English Lord, Sir Cuckoo, in order to celebrate the Verbal Equisocks, or some such thing.

It seems the people held a high-powered jam-session from March 25 to April 1. They'd joust (English for "just"), have a feast, dance barefoot in the dewy grass (easy way to wash your feet), sing praises to the Sun (of Joe, the Lord's toothbrush maker), then go to the Castle of Lownt (meaning "loaned" -- from Scotland for the occasion), and finally they would eat again (gluttons).

One April 1st Sir Cuckoo refused to take part in these thrilling events and remained in bed. The people took offence and started to call him the April Fool. (What men won't do for fame!)

- - - - -

### Discussion Questions:

1. The first story on this page was written by a beginning reporter. She did not complete the assignment given her, but she did produce "copy". Was it a satisfactory adjustment? Did she produce readable "copy"? How else might she have written her story?
2. The second column is "timely". Under the regular heading the writer produces something different each week. What other "timely" topics might she write about?
3. Fillers are needed for every paper. What would you suggest as suitable for your paper?

### THAT BODY ? ? ? OF YOURS?

Today many people are inflicted with high-strung likemeafluenza (in other words, the "common cold") and, incidentally, what's so common about it?

Before trying to cure your cold be sure you have one -- and, if you haven't got one, get one -- I'm not writing this column for exercise. However . . . if you have the following symptoms no doubt you have a cold -- sniffing, sneezing, sniffing (again), high temperature, low temperature, no temperature, feeling of social inadequacy (a square), hives, a tendency to turn burn (red or green), and a runny nose.

There are several ways to kill cold germs. You can strike them with a blunt instrument, or you may wish to catch them individually so that you can pull their wings off. The latter method is not recommended for children under the age of ten.

If you are a bit slow on the catch, try the wonder drugs. For your convenience, we give you this annotated list:

Histamine -- a preventative  
Anti-histamine -- cure histamine  
Penicillin - cures pneumonia  
Sulfa -- cures penicillin poisoning  
Sulphur and Molasses -- cures spring fever lassitude  
Arsenic -- cures smoking, drinking, bad habits -- anything  
Vitamin B14 -- removes gum from upholstery  
Chlorophyll -- cures that lonely feeling  
Ouoparaphyroxadixindrene -- cures stubborn cases of osmosis

By far the most effective wonder drug is asafetia discovered by a man named Hadad who ran a fruit store in Toronto. In using this root you must be careful to follow these simple directions:

First put the asafetia in a small amulet or sack made from the skin of an unborn pig, along with two feathers from the tail of a coal-black rooster. Then construct a pentagon and repeat the following in an unpleasant voice (first dusting yourself with a bay leaf) "Ozalva, beguun, exyerno, thasiisis Beelzebud."

Also in between the midnite treatment remember to wear an old woolen sock tied tightly around your neck. Keep your chest rubbed with the following -- mustard camphor and oil of garlic -- keep this up until all of your cold symptoms -- your friends -- or you disappear.

- - - - -  

### WANT AD COLUMN

#### Personals

Will the cute girl who knocked the books out of my arms Monday in the East building please phone 273498 and ask for Willie?

#### Opportunities

Be progressive! Find out how to fix things in your spare time -- basketball games, football games and horse races. Learn and earn. Write Box 7 -- Lethbridge Reformatory.

Are you interested in printing? Learn in your spare time how to print absent slips and late slips, and after seven weeks -- your own report card! Write to Madam Murphy care of the Bowden Corrective School.

Expertly engraved plates -- available with various numerical patterns. Consult Al Cornpone, 777 4th Ave. East. These plates are a steal at the price.

## Examples of Humor Columns Suitable for a Sports Page

## MIXED-UP

## VOLLEYBALL

"You can't do that!"

"Can't do what?" Peggy asked puzzled.

"Volley the ball twice, like you were doing," Jim replied.

"And why not?" demanded Adele. "We were taught to do it that way in our girls' physical education classes."

A group of boys and girls were making their first attempt at mixed volleyball.

"It's better too," added Sharon.

"You have more control of the ball."

"Maybe so, but it slows the game down too much," Ken argued.

"Well, let's try again."

They were successful for a few rounds until Ken reached out and hit the ball with his knee up to Jim in the front row.

"Hey, you can't do that!" Adele cried. "You can only hit the ball with your hands or forearms."

"In boys' rules," Jim stated, "except when serving, you may contact the ball with any part of the body."

Jim suggested, "I think we had better decide to play one set of rules or the other. We can't go on like this."

They all agreed, but which set? There would be an argument either way.

"I suppose it will be the boys' rules," Adele said.

"I think they would be better," Sharon added, "for mixed volleyball. It's a faster game."

So it was decided that boys' rules would make a faster game.

Peggy asked, "What are some other ways in which the rules differ?"

Ken answered, "There is no assist on the serve and we lose the serve if the ball hits the top of the net and goes over. What is that called in girls' rules"

"A let ball."

Jim added, "The rules are the same in that the ball may be hit by only three players and one player cannot touch the ball again until it has been hit by another player."

"I guess that's all we need to know. Let's play!"

Crescent's mixed volleyball will start about March 18. All those wishing to play will put their names on the list on the Phys. Ed. bulletin board. These people will be divided into teams and captains will be appointed. Approximately forty teams will take part with ten members to a team. This sport was enjoyed last year and many are looking forward to it again this year.



## Examples of Critical Columns

### DATA ON DISCS

"Once I had a secret love,  
That lived within the heart  
of me."

The strains of this beautiful melody echoed throughout the Pantages Theatre in Hollywood on this year's Academy Awards night. It won the Oscar for the best song of the year. It was a close race; the four other nominations were also good contenders. Sadie Thompson's song ("Blue Pacific Blues") has the lazy, languid rhythm of the Islands; "The Moon is Blue" is a gay little number which was played through the movie of the same name. The tender "My Flaming Heart", made popular by Nat "King" Cole was truly one of last year's great romantic ballads. And, last of the nominations, but not least, was the still-popular "That's Amore".

The Academy Award picture of the year, "From Here to Eternity", introduced two songs well worth noting. They are: the plaintive "From Here to Eternity", available on records by award-winning Frankie Sinatra; and the catchy war tune "Re-Enlistment Blues". Borrowing the movie's slogan, I'd say that "songs are better than ever".

Of the new crop at the local "platter palaces", I'd like to give my nominations for the best ten new songs or the T.T.T.A.A.C. (Ten Top Tunes of Academy Award Calibre). They are, in order:

1. "Young at Heart" -- this is a lovely tune (by "our" guy Frankie S.) that personifies the very essence of spring: gay, light-hearted -- but somehow sad and whimsical. It is for the "young at heart" of any age, from you "youngsters" (freshmen) of 15 to you "oldtimers" (seniors) of 18.

2. "Fancy Pants" -- for the new top instrumental. The old tootsies were tapping like "mad" to this sprightly melody. And --
3. "Bell-Bottom Blues" -- by Teresa Brewer.
4. "Lovin' Spree" -- by Ertha Kitt.
5. "Cross Over the Bridge" -- by Pattie Page.
6. "There'll Be No Teardrops Tonight" -- by Tony Bennett.
7. "Man and Woman" -- by Rosie Clooney and Guy Mitchell. And, if these old favorites brought back weren't old . . .
8. "Till Then" -- by the Mills Brothers.
9. "They Can't Take That Away From Me."
10. "Darktown Strutters' Ball" -- by the effervescent Lew Monte.

And I'd give a miniature Oscar to Patti Page's new disc of "Don't Get Around Much Anymore". This is the real T.T.T.H.T. (Top Tune for Tender-Hearted Teenagers).

- - - - -

### THE MIRROR OF FASHION (excerpts)

This fall, fashions for teeners are led by the ever-popular sweater and skirt. The classic tweed is on top with the plaids in all-round pleats closely following. In the straight skirts (usually fashioned with a kick-pleat), all shades of brown and gray are found..

Blouses with "little boy" collars are favored in cotton with stripes or plaids. Chain and leather belts compliment any costume...

What else might the writer comment upon?



## Example of "Information" Editorial

## MANY ADVANTAGES SEEN IN STUDENT UNION MEMBERSHIP

Where does your Student Union fee money go? Well, let's consider the financial statement as published on page seven of this issue.

Last year the Union paid out \$264. for football and \$153. for basketball to cover the deficits of these two major sports of the school. Add to this sum \$192. to send the football team to Edmonton, and \$210 for the Graduation Banquet -- plus various sums to clubs and associations connected with the school. These expenses will probably be repeated this year.

However, there are fifty-three fewer students subscribing to the Union this year. Unfortunately, only 182 on this year's Union membership list belong to the Grade Twelve section where 400 students are registered. Why are so many of our Seniors failing to buy Union cards? They receive all the advantages of Union membership as well as a free banquet at the close of the term. In fact, it would seem that they receive more benefits than the Freshmen and Juniors, yet they have not cooperated by purchasing their Union memberships.

If this situation is not remedied, the Union will be forced to sell a bond to cover its current expenses.

## Example of "Criticism" Editorial

## YOUTH AND SPUTNIK

To: The Custodians of Today's Youth

It was your duty to us not to allow it to happen.

With typically vaudevillian "After you, Alphonse" grace, you blandly stood by, while Communist Russia surpassed you in the study of nuclear missiles and ballistics.

At the time of this writing, the Reds have already successfully launched their duo of "Sputnik". At first, we laughed at them as only the scornful self-content can. Yet the underlying truth now becomes increasingly evident -- we are in mortal danger of losing our freedom.

By discovering in their laboratories a revolutionary fuel compound, much more effective than our's, the Communist countries now hold the upper hand, in the cold, or if need be, hot, wars of the future.

You ask of us, today's youth, to settle down to a life of responsibility, and to bear the burden of advancing our culture to another generation. In return, you promised to afford us protection and a better world in which to live.

What kind of protection have you given us, if we must now live in abject fear of aerial attack?

You gave us a lushly luxuriant life; we grant you that. While Russian technicians were diligently working on their missiles, your scientists were exploring the possibilities of larger TV screens, and more sanitized under-clothing. These were considered necessities; these were needed immediately. Our missile program could wait, so you stretched it over a period of 5 or 10 years.

Now your bubble has burst. The Russians have their missiles; they may already be on the moon, and are no doubt employing their position to both political and scientific advantage.

What will now happen to our sanitized shirts and better mouse-traps?

Pessimistically viewing these recent developments, if we are to assume that Communist domination is near at hand, it may not be too long until the Reds move in. Once the Bolshevik "Big Bosses" are living off the fat of your heads, gone will be your expensive luxuries, your beautiful homes, and, above all, your freedom.

As for us, your youth and your responsibility, we would have lost our precious possession -- our future. Consequently, the future of our civilization would be ruined.

It is not too far in the past that the shoe was on the other foot. Remember when the United States had the atomic bomb? Russia had none. Remember when the United States had the hydrogen bomb? Russia had none. But she has made up these deficiencies and become the leader she unfortunately is today.

America has obviously faltered. We, as Canadians, must now pull up the slack. You, the Canadian educationists, technicians, scientists, and politicians, must try to recover what you have lost.

It is not a simple task. You must reconstruct your education program, so as to cultivate the more fertile minds, while eliminating the barren ones. You must try to keep up with a country which by placing utility before decoration, and rational status before that of its individuals, has set a blistering pace, in the contest for control of the skies.

As Benjamin Franklin once said, when his nation lay on the verge of assuming world leadership: "After crosses and losses, men grow humbler and wiser".

For the sake of us -- your youth and your future -- and the continuation of your revered past and its heritage, you must heed this utterance.

It may not be too late.

## Example of "Reform" Editorial

### CLASSROOM MANNERS

This article deals with classroom manners in the schools of North America, the most prosperous region of the globe today and the stronghold of the democratic way of life. What are classroom manners? Classroom manners are the actions of students towards their instructors, surroundings, fellow classmates, and their studies. Now that we have a definition to work with, we may state that classroom manners, good classroom manners that is, are absent in the majority of our schools at the present time.

The reasons for this sorrowful situation are numerous, but we may point one or two out at this time. The general softening of life in our society is a big factor to be considered; things come too easy for our children these days. This makes for disrespect. Secondly, our school system is geared down to the "slow" student. More often than not an individual who is not working is regarded as a slow student. Courses are easier and people who are not applying themselves to the job of getting an education are retained for a good deal longer than they should be; it is these students who exhibit poor manners in our classrooms.

At this point, the reader might well ask, "Why are manners important at all? Why don't we simply educate our children?" But classroom manners reflect the attitude of the student to education and indicate the condition of the school system. In a particular institution that I am familiar with, certain students call certain teachers by their first names, school property is damaged and in general, disrespect is shown to their school. But these are average conditions; we can imagine what the predicament is in other schools, especially in the United States.

Now, we all agree that the situation must not be allowed to deteriorate any further or it will have a serious effect on our way of life. In fact, we must concentrate on improving the plight of today's schools if we wish to survive. Here are some improvements that could be assimilated into our educational system in order to improve not only classroom manners, but also to achieve a better high school standard. Firstly, revise the courses from the primary grades up, in order to have more advanced standards in high school. Concentrate on the brilliant student first; next, the student who lacks the capacity of the better pupil but is willing to work just as hard; then expel those who are not willing to work. Introduce several classroom practices that will make for more respect to the teacher. For example, students could stand when the instructor enters the room.

In conclusion, classroom manners serve as a mirror of our educational (?) system. Improve classroom manners and you will have an improvement in education in North America.

## Example of "Appreciation" Editorial

## IN PRAISE OF THE UNSUNG

Behind the scenes of every school function work boys and girls who seldom, if ever, are in the spotlight. These boys and girls come and go very quietly. There's no fanfare to their entrances and exits; but, without them, many a school activity and club would fall like a house of cards.

A list of the names of these -- for want of a better term -- "unsung heroes", would be endless. If we did attempt one, we'd, sure as shooting, leave out somebody. And, being modest, as most of these people are, it is not likely the offended ones would come forward to correct our error. However, by that time it would be too late, anyway

So let this be a broad and sweeping proclamation of praise to all those persevering individuals, from grades ten to twelve, who have worked without visible reward throughout the school year to make it a happier and more fruitful one for all.

You could have, if you'd cared to look, found them as electricians and carpenters working on the set of the annual school play. Perhaps you did see, but weren't impressed with, the ticket takers and sellers at school dances and basketball games. How about those scorekeepers and timekeepers at the football, basketball and volleyball games? Oh, you were too busy playing, or watching, or chewing (gum and sundry other things) to notice these inoffensive fellows? Well, they were there, and working; and, let's hope, having as good a time as anyone.

If all this has served to remind you that you did, after all, see the odd boy or girl "doing something" to help along the club, game, or drama activity, in past months, but said nothing at the time, how about tossing out the old "well done!" and a slap on the back during the closing weeks of school? We need more of, and always will need, the "unsung heroes".



## Example of a "Literary" Type Editorial

## REC ROOM WRECKERS

The beat of boy and the whirl of skirts greet the unwary person who opens the doors of Room 58 at noon, for this is the girls' "rec" room.

Never is there a quiet moment behind "those swinging doors" as the girls entertain themselves in gay fashion. In one corner of the room stands a piano, from which weird and wonderful sounds are emitted, while energetic girls whirl around the spaces inventing new jive steps or renovating old ones. Along the western wall are two ping-pong tables which are almost continuously in use. Experts and beginners all play this game, and it is not unusual to see the tiny white ball flying across the room into someone's purse or down her neck. That is the reason why no one dares to yawn in the "rec" room.

At 1.30 p.m. a brave janitor, usually assisted by another able-bodied friend ventures into the girls' domain to tell them that their fun is over for the day. Minutes later the room is like any other, with straightened desks and silent piano, but no one is sad for they know that there is always another tomorrow when their "pumpkin" will again turn into a "golden coach."

## Example of "Entertainment" Editorial

## THE SCHOOL TEACHER

Between the realms of university and the coming of the old age pension we find a delightful creature called a schoolteacher.

Schoolteachers come in assorted sizes, weight, ages, and can be either male or female. But all schoolteachers have the same creed: to spend every second of every minute of every hour of every school day knocking what they know into the heads of every pupil whether interested or not.

Teachers are found everywhere rubbing off, writing on, taking attendance of, running to, yelling at, and telling all. School boards need them, students tolerate them, principals head them and parents consult with them. A teacher is knowledge with a pencil behind its ear, wisdom carrying a briefcase, and beauty sitting on a tack.

When you are chewing gum, a teacher is pure annoyance; when you are bored, an honest to goodness dictator.

A teacher has the energy of a cat, the lungs of a Caruso, the explosiveness of an atomic bomb and when they're telling you something they get all wound up and find themselves in one big knot.

They like week-ends, unscarred desks, inkless floors, neatly handed-in notes, untalkative students, and paper-planeless rooms.

They are not much for gum chewers, wad throwers, sprawlers in the aisles and students who come to class for the fun of it.

Nobody else is so late for class. Nobody else can be so sarcastic. Nobody else can get themselves so worn out by just trying to teach a room full of noisy, disinterested, inconsiderate students. Nobody else can cram into one class period the marking of papers, a walk down the hall (only to steal back in when you are least expecting it), a board full of notes, a bawling out or two, an opening of a window, a speech on Egyptian hieroglyphics, and an assignment of a nice hour or two of homework.

A teacher is a magical creature. You can get them into an uproar, but you can't get out of their detentions. You can imitate them behind their backs, but in front of them you shrink up to a nickel. But when you come to the end of a long studious week and the Friday dismissal bell has just rung, isn't it a nice feeling when you hear their voices say over the noise of the dismissing herd of students, "Goodnight, class; have a good week-end!"

## APPENDIX B:

## ESSAYS

## Example of a Research Essay

## LISTER SINCLAIR

Although Lister Sinclair, one of Canada's most prominent writers, was born in Bombay, India (in 1921); he received his university education in Canada. Oddly enough, he graduated from both the Universities of British Columbia and Toronto, not majoring in English, as would be expected, but in pure mathematics. Upon deciding that he already knew the most interesting facts about his major subject, he ventured to make creative writing his career. In this field he has become most successful, many of his plays and articles having been published.

Lister Sinclair's dramatic plays are so widely accepted that they have been broadcast in England and the United States. Here, in Canada, they have been performed several times in both English and French.

At the Columbus, Ohio, Radio Conference in 1945, his creation, "A Play on Words," won top honors. In 1948, "Case Against Cancer" won first prize for a documentary play. Still another first was awarded to Lister Sinclair for his radio adaptation of T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral". Other notable plays such as "We All Hate Toronto," "Antigone," and "Epitaph to a War of Liberation" have also been produced. The play, "All About Emily," which appears in the Grade Eleven literature text, was made into a short film.

It seems that Mr. Sinclair is never still for, besides writing, speaking and acting continually for the CBC, he is also one of its most ardent critics. In addition to working for the CBC, Sinclair has, and sometimes still does, teach writing at the Academy of Radio Arts in Toronto and at the University of British Columbia's Summer School. He has also conducted the Writer's Conference at the Banff School of Fine Arts.

Mr. Sinclair is a man who hates wasting time on appearance. Since leaving the University of Toronto, his appearance has become increasingly startling and his plays, increasingly better. Unlike the average author, when writing a play, he strives to eliminate, to a certain degree, the three most common elements of radio plays: background music, sound effects, and fade-outs. Sinclair feels that a lot of music merely helps a lazy writer fake a mood which he could achieve with words. "Fade-outs," he says, "tend to suck the listener into the loudspeaker."

By applying Lister Sinclair's own definition of an artist to himself, you can surely visualize his thoughts; for he says, "An artist is a person entrusted with a red-hot message which has to be delivered or it will burn his fingers." This delivery Lister Sinclair has aptly made.

Everal Borgal  
Calgary

## Example of a Personal Adventure Essay

## SOLO FLIGHT

The wheels skipped along the ground, settled, and the aircraft came to a near stop. "Carburetor heat, trim, switches. . . "

"Do you think you can handle it yourself?" asked my instructor.

I made no comment for somehow I had run out of words but she seemed to know. We turned off the runway and stopped. My instructor climbed out of the aircraft and fastened her safety harness to prevent it from becoming entangled in the controls.

"Remember now, keep low until you have sufficient air speed, climb slowly if you overshoot, go around again, when you land, come back and pick me up. Good luck!"

Somewhat confused and excited, I rewed the engine, turned the aircraft around and waited for a signal from the tower. After a long interval, it came, a long, green light, "cleared for takeoff."

I turned the aircraft onto the runway and completed the check of vital actions, gas on, trim neutral, carburetor heat closed, switches on. Gradually, I opened the throttle until I was speeding down the runway. I pulled the stick back and felt the aircraft rise into the air. Stick forward. pick up airspeed, set trim and start to climb. The aircraft was in the air and I was a pilot, although I wasn't thinking about that then. The first thing that I did think of was "What goes up, must come down." It was a great feeling.

Now, I was up five hundred feet and made a climbing turn to the left, nearing one thousand feet. I levelled off and enjoyed a break for a few seconds. The first action of liberty that I took was to look at the empty seat behind me. This aroused my humor to such an extent that I burst out laughing. I was now at the end of the downwind leg and thus, did my pre-landing check. I turned the carburetor heat on to avoid any icing while the motor was idling, checked the switches and gas. I banked the aircraft and turned onto the crosswind leg, closed the throttle, lowered the nose and set the trim. I banked and turned again, this time onto the landing run and acknowledged a signal from the tower by racking my wings.

The aircraft gradually lost height until I was only a few feet from the ground. The end of the runway flashed by and I levelled off by pulling back on the stick. The aircraft began to settle back on the stick. There was a slight bounce as the wheels hit the runway. The aircraft came to a stop. I turned around and picked up my instructor and taxied to the hangar whereupon I was immediately trounced by all to pay for a round of pop.

It was a tremendous feeling, after the excitement wore off, to be able to say, "I have soloed" or "I am a pilot." It seems to be a step above other things that one does and gives them a feeling of great satisfaction.

John Bowles  
Calgary



## Example of a Character Sketch Essay

## UNFORGETTABLE

Though I never knew her completely or wholly as I would an ordinary friend or acquaintance, I shall never forget her. Perhaps the reason for this may be that she wasn't at all ordinary like other people. She possessed that certain something which made her catch in your memory and made her very difficult to forget. There was that little bit extra present which makes a great person great. It could have been breeding, surroundings, or the type of people with whom she associated which accomplished this fact, but today I cannot remember an exact point upon which to place my finger.

When I first saw her, I held the position of Lady's Fashion Correspondent to the Toronto Telegram and was attending a press convention in London. Glancing across the crowded, noisy room, my eyes fell upon the tall, slight figure pausing in the doorway and immediately I was struck by her exquisiteness -- the way in which she appeared to "stand out" among the rest of us. With the exception of that one instant I do not recall her reason for attending, how I was introduced, nor do I remember what followed, just that within a very short time I had to know this striking person considerably well.

The following were three weeks of fun and enjoyment of all sorts, the kind of holiday which some people dream about. She was a very interesting companion who always seemed to know just where to go and when. Yet for some strange reason, unknown to myself, there is a question as to whether I would wish to relive that time.

My first impressions of this woman were the ones to be remembered -- the better ones, because later I learned of another personality which lurked in the background, coming to the surface very rarely. Compared to her fresh young beauty I was lifeless and drab, but then, from the very beginning, my appearance was no match at all for hers. Her long jet-black hair seemed to make mine a duller shade of brown in comparison. Her eyes, wide and green, had an oriental slant, making them almost vicious when she became angry. Her transparent skin contrasted marvellously with her hair; and although she was very thin, it was certainly not to her discredit.

She was of excellent breeding, coming from a well-respected family who admired her greatly as did her many friends and associates. She was the shining star of any gathering, the centre of all attraction and, in many cases, its very reason. Her acquaintances saw her as a kind, thoughtful, considerate woman who was heedless of her own welfare, who led all the new styles, and proved a charming hostess or welcome guest on any occasion.

But they never really knew her. They never saw the taunting laugh or the sneer upon her face as she aped them. There was always a caustic comment, a sarcastic remark for everyone after the usual "oh, how they bored me." Actually, there was only one person in the whole world who mattered or in whom she was interested and that was herself. How could they all be so deceived and misled? How could they have been so foolish to fall victim to her whims?

It was four years ago today that the huge liner, leaving London, steamed slowly out of the harbour with me aboard. I can picture yet the crowded mass swaying on the dock, but the individual faces are but blurred. However, one figure stands out clearly, bright and shining, with laughter in its eyes and a smile upon its lips, waving a light goodbye, probably light hearted and careless because her one thought was of tomorrow and a brighter day to come.

Someday I may wish to return and seek her out again, but what would be the use? You see, I only met her once — and that was in my dreams.

Shirley Walsh  
Calgary

## Example of a Humorous Personal Essay

## MY TRIP TO THE DENTIST

The alarm clock had rung, much too early to suit me, and I was awake. It was a beautiful morning, as I could see through the bedroom window, and for a few moments I was happy. Then, suddenly, it struck my mind that this was the day I was to go to the dentist to have several teeth filled. The sun no longer shone as brightly, nor did the sky seem as clear a blue as before.

I could feel cold sweat forming on my palms, and goose-pimples had appeared magically on my arms. I tried to soothe my madly-racing heart by telling myself that nothing really terrible could happen. It was of no use, because actually, I didn't know, as I had never had my teeth filled before. How could I tell myself nothing would happen, when something was likely to?

I dressed listlessly, then went down into the kitchen for breakfast. But I could not eat. Strange thoughts kept running through my head and my stomach did flip-flops. I wasted time, but at last it was time to leave. I picked up my coat, almost put it on backwards, then slowly wandered out of the house.

The bus ride to town was extremely long. I wished the horrible thoughts in my mind would go away, but they didn't. The complete trip was made with me in a half-daze and with the peculiar type of fright-frown on my face.

I got off the bus at the "Bay" and walked to the Greyhound Building. I went into an elevator and barely managed to mumble "Seventh" when the man asked which floor he was to take me to.

At last I was in the waiting room. I could hear strange noises and peculiar buzzings, all of which added to my feeling of mystery. The nurse came out of a small side room and told me the doctor was ready. I nodded mutely, afraid to say anything, and followed her into still another room, this one a little larger than the former two.

I was placed in a chair (which, by the way, was exceedingly comfortable) and a cloth was fastened about my neck. The nurse, who had seemed so kind before had now become a demon, and stood over me, a huge needle in her hand. I had seen one of those needles before, the time when I was vaccinated, and I remembered that it had hurt. But what now? The doctor took it from her and began to advance toward me. He told me to open my mouth and I, being almost hypnotized with fear, did.

I felt the needle sink into the back of my gum, and almost immediately a peculiar type of numbness overcame the left side of my mouth. My tongue felt swollen and greatly enlarged. The doctor said I looked the same as when I came in, but I wondered.

He then went over to a little cupboard and took out a large tray full of small drills. From above my head he lifted a queer, long instrument and inserted one of the tiny drills in it. He told me to open my mouth and began to excavate. The strange, peculiar feeling of my mouth, together with more dreadful thoughts in my head, added to my misery.

However, I could feel nothing. Occasionally, I was asked to rinse my mouth out -- and, when I did, particles of me came out. I began to wonder how long this burglary was going to last! I sat for several more minutes (although it felt like hours), and at last the drill was pushed to one side.

But it was not over yet. The nurse brought the dentist something which he called "alloy", and he began to work again. This time he poured a little of it in my tooth, then pushed, scraped and chipped away at my molar. I kept my hands tightly clenched and sat rigidly for a while, but soon I began to feel uncomfortable -- so, I closed my eyes and began to relax. Then it was all over.

Things weren't really so bad, after all. It was really silly of me to be afraid, wasn't it? Of course, each time I return to the dentist, I feel a little afraid, but never again will I feel the strange fear I had on this, the first morning.

Margarette Sessions  
Calgary



## Example of a Humorous Personal Essay

## THE OLD CAR

In 1927, the old "T" model was considered the best car there was. Even now, twenty-odd years after, people still ride in the old Model "T".

My brother has one of these antiques, and it still gets us places. One day last week we were slowly moving down one of Calgary's busier streets when we decided to pass a newer model. Our "can" had no horn. According to law, "when you pass a vehicle, you must give a sign of warning, and you must not pass on the right side of the vehicle."

We had no horn! So we used the unlawful alternative which was to pass the vehicle on the wrong side. We were making very good progress, too, when suddenly we heard a siren. A motorcycle policeman pulled up alongside of us. We endeavoured to give him the facts, but were interrupted by: "You were doing thirty-five." This astonished us greatly as we had no speedometer and did not think the car could go that fast. However, after receiving a lecture on "speed demons" we were released -- without a ticket.

We thanked the officer politely and proceeded homeward, happy to think that he had not noticed that we had no horn nor license plates. On reaching a busy intersection we stopped, waited for the green light, then started off again. To our amazement and disaster, the car stalled in the middle of the intersection.

A car is easy to start when you have a starter and a generator, but our starter had sprained his wrist (cranking the car recently) and, so far, our generator just hadn't worked. Finally, after pushing for a block, we had the "T" model working again as smoothly and quietly as a tractor. The radiator was boiling, the engine was missing, our back tire was almost flat, and, to make matters worse, it had started to rain. With a roadster body and no top on our model, we were soon drenched to the skin. Mud was flying from the wheels. What else could possibly happen before we got home? Well it happened! We were stuck in the mud with the tire that once was almost flat now flat . . .

Know anybody interested in buying a nineteen twenty-seven Model "T" very cheap?

Alf Frewin  
Calgary

## Example of a Philosophical Essay

## THE JOYS AND VALUES OF EDUCATION

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
 When a new planet swims into his ken;  
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
 He stared at the Pacific . . .

John Keats

"On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer"

How much the uneducated man has missed! What thrills and feelings of exaltation have been hidden from him! For he has not been blest with the opportunity of experiencing the conquest of new knowledge -- knowledge that would awe him, thrill him, penetrate him, and make a rich basis for his life.

A problem to be solved in mathematics is certainly not in itself spectacular or over-awing, yet I know no more rapturous feeling than to realize that I am capable of conquering that problem. I feel an upsurge of self-confidence and satisfaction. Many times new learning amazes me and pervades me with a feeling of wonderment and awe. Learning of the world both past and present affects me in this way. I am amazed by the history and activities of the animal kingdom, awed by the fantastically brilliant discoveries and feats that men have been and still are accomplishing, and I wonder about the reasoning behind the sordid activities men have carried out and continue to execute. But, at the same time, I experience a sense of humility -- I am humbled by the realization that extremely intelligent men have accomplished or discovered all about that which I am learning. Men originally devised the ways and means of planning and solving those mathematical puzzlers that are now confronting me. Men, both heroes and villains, have made the history that now astonishes me. However, my humility is superseded by the ecstatic realization that through my studies I am gradually gaining a little freedom from the ever-present chains of ignorance. The net result of my new learning is a penetrating ambition, desire and inspiration to travel further and learn more in the golden realms of education.

Not all "educated" or "schooled" people fully appreciate their education. They do not enjoy it, but rather look on it as a necessary evil and burden. Yet, how valuable is even the most limited education! In my opinion, any good citizen is an educated man. Perhaps he is not well educated, but he has undoubtedly learned enough to better understand human nature and the art of living in harmony with his fellow citizens. An education should develop a keen sense of the past, applicable to the present. Increased awareness of surroundings and current happenings makes the life of anyone much richer and fuller. This awareness also makes the democratic citizen thankful for his freedom from poverty, slavery, war and dictatorship. An understanding of world problems gives him tolerance toward others who do not think and live as he does. Most of all, an education gives him a feeling of security and well-being.

Through my education, I hope to gain all these things -- good citizenship, tolerance, understanding, thankfulness and a sense of security. I have a goal toward which to work. I know even now that my life shall be rich and happy because I want to learn and become educated.

Barbara Borgal  
Calgary

### Example of a Literary Essay

#### MR. CANUCK

Mr. Canuck could be an acquaintance of yours, for he is only one of a million men like him in Canada.

White hair receding from the forehead; blue eyes twinkling like clear, mountain lakes; bent glasses perched on the end of a red nose; thin lips that relate a fascinating, unrecorded history; lines -- some smooth, others crooked or broken, furrowing deep into tanned cheeks and a pointed chin; rounded shoulders carrying a burden of wisdom; calloused hands that have held a plow, swung an axe, oiled machinery, plucked the strings of a violin or held a tiny, precious bundle in their clasp; straight, firm legs that have danced to the strains of Strauss, Cole Porter -- and now privately try to master jazz. These are the characteristics that constitute the make-up of Mr. Canuck.

All of life's passions and dreams have been experienced by this timeless person. Germany of 1914 would find him in a trench uttering a silent prayer while the salty tears and sweat of fear burned his dry lips. Curses of hatred were delivered with every bullet he used. The happiness and grief of being a husband, father and grandfather have multiplied with the years. Desire for excitement, success, adventure and knowledge has led him to drift from place to place, job to job.

The mountains, prairies, valleys, forests and lakes -- all have heard and echoed his voice. Canada's depression prompted him to cease his wanderings and live a steady life. During World War II he played an important part in civil defence, doing all he could to fight the threatening menace.

Today, Mr. Canuck owns a flower shop, goes to church on Sunday, reads the daily paper, argues politics with his neighbors, plays bridge on Saturday night, likes to drive in the country, is teaching his grandson Jim to play hockey, loves new fire engines, eats ice cream, goes to the summer fair, takes a short trip occasionally, listens to murder mysteries, believes in our four freedoms -- of speech, religion, the vote and the press, is looking forward to the Coronation, and, yesterday, had his first glimpse of television.

Perhaps this man is familiar to you now. Mr. Canuck's first name is Johnny -- and he is, in the truest sense, a typical Canadian.

Robina Collier  
Calgary



NOTE: The two essays which follow were all prize-winning essays in the provincial I. O. D. E. Essay Writing Contest. They do not necessarily represent the best of the entries produced for that contest; rather, they are reprinted here to further illustrate the variety of topics available to all essay writers.

## HARVEST

You wake up in the dimly lit bedroom. Hurriedly you dress and stumble out of the house. A glance at the sky shows what kind of weather it will be - clear, good, harvesting weather. The yard has a night-like atmosphere and soon the sun comes up in a bright red ball. The air is fresh and cold and you feel your shirt isn't warm enough. The distant hills, tinted in a purple hue, are grey and gaunt. Nearby the stubble shines golden and dewy. You pause for a moment and feel the quiet beauty of solitude and freedom; it's the beginning of a harvest day. You hurry into the house to eat breakfast.

Soon the day's work begins and you are ready to start the tractor. It wheezes with a sss-sss-sss through its pit-cocks then bursts into life with a charp put-put-put. Before long the tractor is ready to move into the wheat. The sun is still low in the east. Long yellow shadows are cast on the field where the wheat stands tall and thick. Soon the first hopperful pours into the truck. You shovel the wheat over and sift some through your hands. It is long and amber. There is pleasure in handling it so you toss it high in the air.

After a pause you climb on the tractor and start off again. Idly you listen to the sounds of the machine behind you. You hear the dull rrrr inside the combine, the swish, swish of the reels bending in the heads to the table and the soft pat-pat of the straw-spreader behind. You feel the warmth of the sun on your back while rounds blend into rounds; you lose count of them. The tractor pounds endlessly along; with a steady gait it tramps out its route. The sun rises and the yellow shadows shorten. Soon dinner time is here and half the day is gone.

Afternoon rounds get tiresome. The sun is very hot and the tractor lumbers along slowly. The noise deafens your ears and dulls your senses. You tend the engine automatically; your mind drifts. You think of a recent harvest dance; you remember the violin crying and the swirl of dancers. In the monotony you think of friends and of enemies and your dealings with them. The machinery churns on. You see a large hawk on a stone pile; you stare at the bird in fascination. The hawk gazes at the world in cold and haughty disdain. As the tractor nears, it wheels off into the sky.

Hours go by. The sun, a receding disc, descends slowly in the haze and sets in a crimson glow; the wind increases and as the dust rises in great bunches; once more it is time to unload. The combine cuts speed as the clutch is pulled and you swing the outfit close to the truck. The wind is cold. When the grain pours out of the hopper, bits of chaff are winnowed away in spirals. Clouds are gathering and the haziness of night is coming.

The dimness increases; the clouds close and meet together. Now you and the combine are on an endless orbit of pitch blackness; you are like the "flying Dutchman". You seem to get no where in the dips and rolls of the



coulees. The combine shears off the corners and plunges into miniature chasms. The headlights show a five-foot jungle of heaving and swaying Durum. You follow the crooked line. Somewhere the truck is lost. Far off a weaving light like a star is a neighbor's outfit. The roaring combine behind you, gaunt and huge, and of fearsome bulk, chases the tractor along. You listen intently to the giant for any sound of strain. Sometimes your judgment fails and you "bite-in" too much. Then the giant roars in pain, his slip-clutches stutter and click and he seems for all his bulk a helpless thing that is easily hurt. Desperately you turn the tractor away; it takes its time to respond, but once freed the machine revives and you cut in again.

You must judge from sound because you cannot see clearly with headlights; if the combine should plug it would be a nightmare task to pull the straw out in the darkness.

The neighbor's lights go out -- you feel desperately alone. The wind flaps your shirt against your back with a sharp snap, snap. You are highly alert. The cold wind is making goose pimples on your back, so you hop up and down to keep warm. You are going to quit when you come to the truck.

Soon you see the faint shimmer of lights ahead; it is the truck with the parking lights on. You draw alongside and unload the last hopperful. Tiredly you walk to the truck-cab; rather queerly you can hardly feel your feet touch the ground.

After supper you climb up the stairs to your bedroom, automatically undress and crawl into bed. Your body relaxes and soon you are asleep.

A harvest day is at an end.

Freddie Schmidt  
Acadia Valley

## RAGS TO RICHES

I remember the old Redwater very well, because we boys used to take the highway through it to school. The first noticeable building was the Searle elevator. I can see it yet, a clumsy tall structure, frost-covered, and reaching into the dull, cold January sky. The old school which no longer exists was a shabby building. On the outside most of the paint was gone, foundation was weak. Some window panes which were broken were replaced by a cardboard. I remember how dark and dingy it was inside. There were, besides, in the town, a few small stores, hotel, hardware and a few scattered homes. On a dull day, when passing by, it had the appearance of a ghost town.

First, in the fall of 1949 there was a rumor, and another rumor, and an excited chorus of rumors, that a wildcat rig had discovered oil in the vicinity. Some months later a constant stream of rigs, trucks, "cats" and other oil drilling machinery moved into the fields. Wherever you went, men, women, children, all talked about the great discovery. I went to see one rig in action one day. It was the largest movable unit of machinery I ever saw operated by men. The rig was over a hundred feet high, with huge steel beams and cases supporting it. I was struck profoundly when I heard that the block and tackle of the rig weighed well over a ton. The drilling rigs attracted hundreds of people daily and no doubt amazed many of them.

Business in the town boomed. Lots which could have been bought before at ten dollars apiece now sold at several hundred. Business firms sprang up everywhere in town. Farm land adjacent to the town was absorbed because the town had expanded. Passing by there were signs of construction everywhere. By the old elevator about fifty men were busy laying the concrete foundation for the lumber yard. There by the hotel the carpenters were putting up the frame of the new garage on the foundation. And there in the background men were roofing the cafe and hotel. Everywhere, construction, transportation, and general bustle was keeping pace with the boom.

Every day and every night the transportation of the oil industry rumbled through the town. Every minute of the twenty-four hours, feet, strange feet, trod the old highway that we boys had used to go to school. Some men were good but many, mostly the roughnecks, were unworthy of the word men. They followed the rigs, made some money and when pay-day came they spent the whole cheque in one night, drinking, gambling and on prostitutes. Drunkard brawls were common every day. With the town in such a turmoil, the R.C.M.P. had to move in. Every hour of the day one or more were on duty patrolling; such men too never trod the roads of Redwater before.

Money gushed as the oil had done. Jobs were plenty, and very well paid. An acquaintance of mine, a driller who drew nearly seven hundred dollars a month for several years hasn't got a red cent to his name. Money doesn't seem to mean anything to him. Such fortune has set many on the right track, and yet it has ruined so many for life. Redwater in 1950 was a place of wildcat squandering.

Farmers, I believe, are the ones who actually got the lion's share of the fortune from the oil discovery at Redwater, and most of them put it to the right use. The situation has changed for them. One day a slick Roadmaster Buick slid silently past me. At the wheel I recognized Mr. Morris. Well do I remember his old battered Chev. wobbling across the railway crossings. I remember too what the farmer's yard was like. Most buildings were of the old country fashion, log and mud. Now he has a beautiful modern home. The other farm buildings he rebuilt or renewed. Other elderly farmers of the district who felt that they had toiled long enough on their land retired to the city or town. Prosperity is very evident on the farms.

As one rides through the town of Redwater now he can see here just what an oil boom does to a town. The town has become very prosperous and multiplied many times in size. The business sector has expanded tremendously. There are several theatres, meat lockers, banks, hotels, lumberyards -- almost any kind of business firm to render service for the town and citizens. The population has multiplied many times as the school enrolments show.

Prosperity is shown in the town's sports. It has one of the very best sports grounds around here. It has a baseball field, with dugouts, curling rink, skating rinks and grounds for other various games. Now they're talking of an arena next year. This is only a rumor but reliable sources indicate that it will likely materialize. What is the factor which can bring all this about for a town? It is true that cooperation and work must be had but when there's someone radio to foot the bills, it is so much easier.

After some riding about the town in the summer time one can see that it's reviving from the oil boom. People are beginning to clean up their backgrounds, planting shrubs and trimming hedges. Many have begun to paint their homes, garages, and fences. All this will no doubt create a better impression upon a visitor.

The lack of planning of the town is very evident, especially in the business sector. Almost through the main street runs the railroad, a menace to all, traffic and public. Family residences are found right within the main business area. Every day there is a possibility that somebody's child might get run over. These faults within the town show that prosperity has its problems.

This is Redwater in 1954. Its future looks bright even if the oil at times smells all through the night. We can put up with the smell. The uncomfortable feel of our rags is not yet forgotten.

Myron Benchorsky



## OUR HERITAGE

"If only Nellie McClung were here today." Miss Pue's ejaculation aroused my curiosity as I entered the room with a plate of refreshments and more tea.

Miss Jones nodded her enthusiastic agreement, adding, "Yes, Nellie would certainly put up a strong opposition to these silly arguments against equal pay for men and women!"

Gram, in the hostess chair, smiled and reminisced, "Nellie was a grand woman -- a crusader, and a fighter to be sure, and also a charming friend and wonderful mother."

Finally, I could contain myself no longer. "Please pardon my ignorance," I interrupted timidly, "but just who was Nellie McClung? The name sounds vaguely familiar..."

"I'm not too surprised that you haven't heard much about her," Miss Pue replied. "But a few years ago almost any western Canadian magazine or newspaper you opened contained articles by Nellie McClung."

"She died in Victoria in September of 1951," Miss Jones explained, "but as long as she lived women and children throughout Canada had no greater champion. She felt that she was blazing the way for a multitude of women to come after her -- in politics and in everyday work."

"Why, I believe she'd turn over in her grave if she knew that so many of today's women don't bother to use the franchise she fought so hard for -- 'don't have time', they say, to get out and vote," Gram declared.

"Was she a Calgarian?" I queried hopefully.

"For a while," Miss Jones answered. "Actually Nellie was born on a rocky farm near Chatsworth, Ontario; but when she was still very young, her family moved west by covered wagon to set up a new home in Manitoba."

"Goodness, a real pioneer!" I exclaimed. "She sounds simply fascinating. Please tell me more about her!"

"Well, Nellie described her early life very well in her first autobiography, 'Clearing in the West'." Miss Jones set down her tea cup and began: "She was the youngest of the six Mooney children and received much of her early education from her brothers and sisters, Will, George, and Jack and Lizzie and Hannah. In fact, she didn't go to school at all until she was ten years of age. Then she and Hannah attended the newly opened Northfield School near their Manitoba farm."

"That was just two years after they had come West, wasn't it?" Miss Pue questioned.



"Yes, their two wagonloads of 'Settlers' Effects', drawn by four mottled oxen, completed the long, hard journey in 1880," Miss Jones answered. "Nellie fondly recalled her early days on the prairies. She was busy and happy -- home with her dog, at school with her books, and on the playground with her dramas about the Riel Rebellion. She was a highly imaginative child and this exciting era appealed to her greatly."

Gram took up the story with, "If I remember correctly, it was in September of 1889 that Nellie enrolled at the Winnipeg Normal School. And the next August she was teaching school in Manitou at the age of sixteen."

Miss Pue chuckled and said, "In Manitou, Mrs. McClung, the minister's wife, became Nellie's idol. Nellie declared that from the first moment they met, she knew that she would like to have that sweet old lady for a mother-in-law. Learning that Mrs. McClung's eighteen-year-old son worked in the drug store in town, Nellie donned her Sunday best and went to the store to make his acquaintance. She bought a three-dollar pen from the tall red-headed boy (after much deliberation, of course). Years later, she declared it was the best investment she had ever made. Oh yes, Nellie always knew exactly what she wanted -- and usually got it, too!"

After the laughter following this anecdote had subsided, Miss Jones continued, "In 1893 Nellie received her first class teaching certificate and was moved to Treherne. Here she joined the Women's Christian Temperance Union and began her long term as an aggressive member of that group."

"In the summer of 1895 she resigned from Treherne School and went to help her mother on the farm," Gram remembered. "Then, on August 25, 1896, Nellie married Wes McClung, the red-headed druggist from Manitou. In her second autobiography, 'The Stream Runs Fast', she humorously described their early life together in the four rooms above Wes's drug store."

"Her family soon began to expand," Miss Jones continued. "First came Jack, then Florence and next Paul. Nellie's life at this time was necessarily centered around her growing family and her only important outside interest was the Women's Christian Temperance Union."

Miss Pue went on. "In 1900 the McClung family bought their first house and it was there that Horace was born. But the pressure of business in the drug store gradually took its effect on Wes. A few years later the family moved to Winnipeg, where Wes became an agent for the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company."

"Events moved quickly after that," Miss Jones recalled. "Mark was born in 1912, just about the time that Nellie and a closely knit group of Canadian Suffragettes began their determined campaign for the vote. Do you remember 'The Women's Parliament', the skit they put on in Winnipeg in 1914?"

"Of course!" Miss Pue laughed. "How could I forget it? Newspapers all over Canada carried accounts of the performance."

Gram explained for my benefit. "It was a hilariously funny skit in which the Parliament was run entirely by women. A deputation of men humbly came to the Legislature to petition for suffrage privileges for their sex."

"Nellie was the premier and really made the show with her sarcastic and ridiculous answers to the delegation; it was even funnier because she based her speech on the reply Sir Rodmond Roblin had given to a similar delegation of women just the day before," Miss Jones finished.

"Nellie was one of the real features in the election contest against Premier Roblin, wasn't she?" Gram remembered, then went on to explain. "She became aroused over the atrocious cost of the Manitoba Parliament Buildings and hurled herself into the campaign against the Roblin Government that ended in its downfall."

"It was the first time that a woman had made any sort of mark in Manitoba politics," Miss Jones added. "Remember her political philosophy? 'Never retract, never explain, never apologize -- get the thing done and let them howl', she said. Premier Roblin certainly howled when his government collapsed!"

She took a sip of tea and continued. "Then the war began and dominated everything. In the fall of 1914 the McClungs moved to Edmonton. Nellie said she was sorry to leave Manitoba, but was very excited and thrilled at the many new prospects in Alberta and Alberta politics."

"As she said, 'always in Alberta there is a fresh wind blowing'," Gram added.

Miss Jones nodded and smiled. "Nellie wrote for the Edmonton Bulletin and several women's magazines in the east at that time. I saved a great many of her articles. They were on the war, mainly, and its grave significance -- she felt very strongly about the War, even more so when her oldest son, Jack, enlisted in 1915. Nellie promoted and undertook every possible means of making money to help prisoners of war and the homeless in war-ravaged countries. In 1918 she was the sole woman appointed to the Dominion War Council by Sir Robert Borden."

"Finally the war ended, and Nellie's interests turned again to politics," Miss Pue carried on. "In 1921 she was elected to the Legislative Assembly of Alberta on a Liberal ticket -- one of the first women in the British Empire to become a Member of Parliament."

"She was also Canada's first, if unofficial, ambassadress," Miss Jones reminded. "Canadian women won the vote ahead of those in the United States and Great Britain, you know. Nellie toured both countries under the auspices of the Women's Suffrage League."

"All her life she was a fighter, zealous for reform, and moved by an uncompromising conviction about the things she believed to be right. She enjoyed her five-year term in the Alberta Legislature, but admitted that she wasn't much help to her party -- she just could not force herself to uphold party measures against those that she felt to be best for the people. She was instrumental in passing legislation dealing with mothers' allowances, public health nursing services, free medical and dental treatment for school children, and new laws covering women's property rights."

Miss Pue stopped there and Gram continued. "In 1921 Nellie also became the sole delegate for the Methodist Church of Canada at the Ecumenical Conference in London...She was a great Christian lady. She often said she believed that everyone was incurably religious."

"Nellie thought of religion as an explanation, an emotion, as a code of ethics," Miss Jones volunteered. "In fact, she described the whole suffrage movement as a spiritual movement with its foundation in the belief in God and righteousness."

After a brief pause for refreshment, Miss Pue continued, "The McClungs moved to Calgary in 1923, and three years later Nellie was defeated in the Provincial election. For the next few years she stayed pretty much at home -- at home not only to her family and friends but, as always, at home to anyone in need. She set a good table; and the poor, and the homeless, and the down-and-outs beat a constant path to her kitchen."

"Nellie always enjoyed helping anyone with anything," Gram agreed. "She gave herself unstintingly to every needy cause."

Miss Jones intervened with, "Shortly after Nellie came to Calgary, the biggest and most famous fight of her life began. According to the Common Law of 1876 women were not persons in matters of rights and privileges, and thus could not hold seats in the Senate of Canada. Five Alberta women, later to be hailed as 'Alberta's Famous Five', petitioned the government for an interpretation of the clause in the B.N.A. Act dealing with Senate appointments. Magistrate Emily Murphy of Edmonton organized the letter which was signed by Henrietta Muir Edwards of Macleod, Louise McKinney of Claresholm, Honorable Irene Parlby of Alix, Nellie McClung of Calgary, and Mrs. Murphy. The Supreme Court finally rendered the decision that in its considered opinion women were not persons. Undaunted, the five decided to appeal the decision to the Privy Council. On October 18, 1929, newspapers all over the British Empire carried black headlines: 'Privy Council Declares That women Are Persons!'"

Miss Pue chuckled. "It came as a big surprise to most women, who had not known that they were not persons until they heard it stated that they were!"

"Yes, it was quite a day," Miss Jones agreed. "And the victory was fittingly honored in 1933 when the Business and Professional Women of Canada placed a memorial plaque at the entrance to the Senate Chamber in Ottawa. The 'Famous Five' became an indelible part of Canadian history -- a part that we Albertans can point to with justified pride!"

"As I remember it, 1938 was Nellie's next big year," Gram went on. "I know that it was then that she was appointed as the only woman on the Board of Governors for the Canadian Broadcasting Company."

"She also attended the Silver Jubilee of the Women's Institute in Nova Scotia," Miss Pue recalled. "And she was speaker at the Department of Agriculture Convention in the East."



"The League of Nations met in Geneva that year, too. Nellie was one of the Canadian delegates to the session, and also attended the world conference of the Oxford Group in London," Miss Jones reminded them.

"Shortly after that exciting year, the McClungs moved to Victoria where Nellie died in 1951 at the age of seventy-seven," Gram concluded.

"You mentioned two books that she wrote, didn't you? Did she do very much writing?" I queried.

"Nellie wrote fourteen books in all," Miss Rue answered. "In fact, she was one of the first Canadians of either sex, to win outstanding financial success at writing. Her first book, 'Sowing Seeds in Danny', was a forty-year best seller. But I think her best book was her first autobiography, 'Clearing in the West'."

"She also did a good deal of writing for magazines and newspapers," Gram added. "Many people felt that even when she was in her seventies she wrote with the freshness, humor, and outlook of a twenty-five-year-old."

"Besides," Miss Jones interposed, "some of her descriptions of the prairies are very fine pieces of English literature."

"Most of her writing, however, was not too lasting," Miss Rue decided. "She was a worker in humanity, not a describer or analyzer of humanity. Her speeches, too, were never profound, but they had an uncanny way of mirroring the thoughts, the emotions, and the hopes of her mass audiences. In 1917 she was probably the most widely known woman platform speaker in Canada."

"Her success, I think, was due to the rapt expressions of her face when she spoke for a cause that meant much to her -- no one watching could help but be moved," Gram added, "she made a pretty picture on the platform, too. Her peach-bloom complexion, soft dark hair, and glinting brown eyes accentuated her pretty frocks."

Miss Jones went on. "Another interesting fact about her public speaking is that between 1913 and 1921 she addressed more than four hundred public meetings, but accepted fees in only three cases, and then gave the money to worthy causes."

"One thing puzzles me," I interrupted. "She did so many things and was away from home so much. How did her family turn out? One would think that they'd be rather neglected."

"Many people thought that," laughed Miss Rue. "I remember a little story Nellie told me. She was driving through Winnipeg in her buckboard and had her small daughter Florence with her. Seeing an old man who seemed to be going in her direction, she stopped and offered him a ride, which he accepted gladly. Then he proceeded to tell her that she was the type of woman the country needed -- one who cared for her family and spent her time with them, not one like this Nellie McClung who went gallivanting around the country sticking her nose in other people's business!"



We all laughed and Miss Jones added, "Yes, how Nellie loved to tell that story! For she was a wonderful mother and her family adored her."

"Besides, two of her sons won Oxford scholarships," Gram reminded. "Jack received the I.O.D.E. Returned Soldiers' Scholarship and Mark was awarded the 1936 Rhodes Scholarship for the University of Alberta."

"Jack later became Alberta's Deputy Attorney, and Mark held an executive post with the R.C.M.P. Intelligence Staff," Miss Jones added. "Paul and Horace were successful businessmen, and Florence married happily. Oh yes, Nellie was a fine mother, as well as a successful writer, a gifted speaker, and a philanthropist."

"I should like very much to read her autobiographies," I declared. "What did you say they were called?"

"'Clearing in the West' and 'The Stream Runs Fast'," answered Miss Jones. "I have a collection of all her books and would be glad to let you read them any time you wished."

"Thank you," I replied, "I know I'll enjoy them!"

As the conversation drifted to other channels and I began to clear the tea wagon, I thought about the work of Nellie McClung. How much she contributed to our present way of life! I recalled Miss Pue's earlier wish and added mine to it; "If only Nellie McClung were here today!"

Barbara Borgal  
Calgary

APPENDIX C:  
SHORT STORIES

"You're the only person." Petey shoved his thumbs into his pockets and tried again. "Look here, Alice, you're pretty and I like you -- not just because you're good to look at either, but you've been square with me. I like lots of other girls at a distance, but you're kinda close and, well, real."

Alice drew pictures in the dust with the toe of her shoe and said "Oh, Pete, aren't my shoes just filthy?"

"Did you hear what I said?" Pete felt rather hurt.

She looked at him with big blue eyes. "Gee, but you're dopey! How could I help but hear it? I just -- well, you can't expect me to know how to answer everything."

Petey stood on one foot and then the other. The laces of his runners were undone. He stooped to tie them. "You could have answered!"

"I did!"

"What did you say then?"

"I said my shoes are dirty . . . and they are . Boy, it's dry."

"There you go, changing the subject again."

Alice twirled around on one foot twice, then with hands on his shoulder whispered practically at his mouth: "I like talking to you more than anybody, because you say sweet things and you're soooooo serious. I almost believe some of them."

He had stood from tying his laces, but when she said "soooooo" he got all nervous and, running a few paces, picked up a rock and winged it at a distant telephone pole.

"Pete, how old are you?"

"You know."

"You say it."

"O.K. I, Peter Carlson, am fourteen years old."

"Boy, are you cl-ever!" with sarcasm.

"You needn't be nasty. I'm never nasty to you, Alice."

"If you're never nasty to me, I'd sure hate to see how you treat other people."

Peter became very serious. "Be honest, Al, am I mean to you? Tell me. I have to know. Am I?"

She looked at his furrowed brow. "No, Petey, you're too nice to me -- but I'm nasty to you. When people are nice to me I use 'em..Can't help it .. Just do."

Betty Saarinen, Calgary

## YOU WERE SO RIGHT

As she turned from her mirror, the dreamy blue formal fell in soft folds to the floor; its pale color accentuating her big blue eyes and lovely auburn hair.

"It's beautiful, Mom and Dad," she exclaimed, giving them both a loving hug. "What a perfectly wonderful seventeenth birthday; even Toby acted like a little gentleman at my party."

Later when her mother and she were alone in her room Karen sighed, "But what's the use of having a beautiful dress when Bill probably won't ask me to go to the Prom."

"But, dear, the Prom is still two weeks away. There's still plenty of time for someone to ask you."

"Oh, Mom, I don't want to go with someone, I want to go with Bill."

"Well, dear, if he doesn't ask you, don't be too disappointed," her mother said as she went downstairs. "There are a lot of other nice boys, Karen."

"That's true," thought Karen. "There are other nice boys -- but Bill!"

While she was immersed in her thoughts, the telephone rang. In a matter of seconds her mother was calling to her to answer it.

"It's probably Jane or Beth calling to thank me for the party. Oh, well! .... Hello, Karen speaking."

"This is Grant Drake, Karen. I phoned to ask you if you will go to the Spring Prom with me; that is, - um, - if you're not going with anyone else."

"Why couldn't this be Bill instead of Grant," she thought. "No, I'm not going with anyone else, Grant," she said. "I'd be glad to go with you."

"You will? Why that's just dandy, Karen; I've been wanting to ask you before but I just couldn't get up the courage. I'm so glad you can go with me. I'll call for you at 8:30."

"I'll be ready, Grant, and thank you very much for asking me."

As she hung up the receiver, she thought to herself, "Well, at least I'll be going to the Prom with a very nice boy. Grant's awfully thoughtful; he's well liked at school; and he has got nice brown eyes and blonde hair; he's a wonderful dancer, too. Yes, Grant is a swell boy.... But Bill! So tall and dark, such beautiful blue eyes. Oh, if only I could go out with him just once. But I must stop this pipe dreaming and decide what to wear to the dance. My new gold sandals, that Aunt Alice gave me; my double strand of pearls; and Mom might lend me her white hooded jacket. Yes, I think I'm going to enjoy this Prom."



A few days later, standing outside her locker collecting her books for the afternoon's periods, Karen felt a cold shiver race up and down her spine as she saw Bill approaching - - and "Oh, golly" he was coming straight towards her! What could she do? But there was no time to do anything for now Bill was standing right beside her, asking her to go to the formal with him! She must be dreaming, but no, it was quite real.

"I'm awfully sorry, Bill, but I've already been asked, thanks just the same though," she answered as she felt her heart skip a beat.

"Well, how about a show next Saturday then?" Bill asked.

"That would be very nice, Bill I'd love to go."

"Fine. I'll pick you up at 7.30. O.K.?" With that he trotted off down the hall.

It seemed as though Saturday would never come, but finally the awaited night arrived. Could it be true? Was she really going out with Bill? She was ready by 7:00 o'clock and during the next half hour she recombined her hair, took the belt of her dress in another notch, and almost wore a hole in the hall rug pacing back and forth every time she heard a car pass. Finally at 8:00 o'clock a horn honked noisily outside; sure enough, there was Bill sitting in his car waiting for her. Karen was a little disappointed; she had so wanted him to meet her mother and dad. She had at least expected him to come to the door; instead he just sat there, in his maroon convertible, with a grin on his face. He didn't even get out to open the door for her!

"Guess I'm a little late, eh?" he asked rather indifferently.

"Yes, I guess you are," replied Karen.

"Well, let's get goin' to the show so we won't have to wait in line", Bill said as he started the motor.

The movie might have been very enjoyable had Bill not insisted on cracking his gun, commenting loudly, and causing a general disturbance. However, Bill seemed quite unaware of the commotion he had caused and during the drive home he chattered about people and places Karen didn't even know existed.

"He's been around too much; he's too self-centered; I don't think he belongs in high school," she thought as she only half listened to what he was saying. Finally they reached Karen's house, and after a speedy "Thank you and good night," Karen flew up the steps and in the door.

"Oh, Mom" she exclaimed, throwing her arms around her mother's neck. "I'm so glad I'm going to the Prom with Grant. You were so right; there are other nice boys."

## THE LITTLE DONKEY

The little grey donkey turned his rump to the cold, biting wind. The snow was drifting around his legs. He stamped a fore-foot. He looked white as the snow blew over him. He shook his long ears to keep them from going numb.

This is a fine way to treat me, he thought indignantly. They don't even think to put me in a nice warm barn on a day like this.

A cold blast of wind sent a shiver up the now white donkey's back.

Just think, he murmured, a long time ago on this same day my ancestors were stabled in a nice warm barn looking at the baby Jesus. How wonderful it must have been to stand gazing at the little baby, for Him to look at one out of those soft eyes! Oh, to have been one of those donkeys, to have been able to stand guard over the baby!

The little donkey sighed quietly. His legs had no feeling now. He wanted to lie down and sleep forever. His front legs doubled up underneath him. He was on his knees. Then his hind legs came under him. He lay on his side in the snow. The wind was blowing a fine film of snow over him. In his mind he imagined he was one of the donkeys standing around the manger that contained the baby Jesus.

He was just about asleep when he felt a tug on his head. Dimly he heard someone yelling at him. He opened his sleep-filled eyes. There was a man standing over him trying to make him rise to his feet.

First one foreleg came up, then the other. His hind legs began to come up under him but they slipped and he landed on his side. Again he attempted to get up and again he fell back. On the third try his legs came under him. He stood stiff for a minute, then shook the snow from his body. That created a miniature snowstorm over the now quiet prairie.

"Thought I'd forgot you, did you?" the man spoke cheerfully. "Not me! I couldn't forget you, specially not on Christmas Day. I thought you knew you was goin' to be the star of the Christmas play. Come along now. We ain't got all day."

The donkey trotted very stiffly but very happily beside the man. He hadn't been forgotten after all.

Soon he was in a warm school-house on a stage gazing at a doll that represented the baby Jesus in the manger. The little donkey looked around at all the happy people. He hee-hawed happily. At last his fondest dream had come true.

Eleanor Pritchard  
Calgary

## DECISION

Footsteps echoed in the streets of Toulouse, France. As Marcel Lalonde hurried home, he shudderingly thought of the scene at the inn a few hours ago. Laughter and music filled the room until, suddenly, a man staggered in.

"The Germans are coming!" he gasped. "The Americans are losing the battle!"

Thunderstruck, the people cared for the sick man and hurried to their families. Nothing can save us now, thought Marcel as he left.

Finally, he reached home. His little boy, Guillaume, and his daughter, Antoinette, raced to meet him; his wife stood smiling at the door. Surely he could not leave them to the mercy of the Germans. Death would be better. In that moment, Marcel made a fateful decision -- he must make sure no enemy laid hands on his family.

"Marie!" he cried. "The Germans are coming. We must prepare for them."

"Oh, Marcel! How horrible. What shall we do?" she sobbed.

After putting the children to bed, he told her of his plan. First he would burn the grain and then he would -- kill them. After a few moments of despair, Marie agreed that this method was the best idea.

Together, they walked to the fields and stood looking at their crops for a last time. Realizing he had little time, Marcel started the fire. They watched it greedily, lighting the countryside with its flames. Soon, the work was done and the couple turned their backs on the smoldering ashes to face their last task.

Marcel was silent on the way home. A terrible task was before him - one which would require all of his courage. The house loomed up ahead and the steps were reached.

"Marcel!" Marie grasped his arm. "Good-bye, and please make it quick."

"Oh, my darling," he brought her close to him. "I love you."

Suddenly he started. The sound of firing cannon could be heard in the distance. Grimly he ascended the stairs.

"Daddy, daddy! What's that noise?"

The children ran to him. He picked them up and hugged them tightly.

"Daddy and Mummy are going to take you on a long journey to a beautiful land, darlings." He quickly kissed them and set them down.

The children stared as he brought out an old revolver. Perhaps they understood, for, although they were terrified, nothing was said as the gun exploded -- once -- twice -- three times.

Marcel ran to each of them and kissed each still figure. Out under the apple tree he buried his beloved, then beside the white cross he again squeezed the trigger. A loud crack -- then silence.

A few hours later the victorious army arrived.

"Hey, Joe!" yelled a soldier. "Got any cigarettes?"

"Yep," was the reply. A pack of American cigarettes was dropped beside the wheel of the United States Army truck.

Darlene Dafoe  
Calgary



## PRISONERS

The little girl was playing on the platform of what was to be a sunporch. I could see her bright yellow dress moving with the slight breeze. The sun danced on her pale gold hair. As she busily set up her house, she chattered to her cat. "You're an awful beast. That's a wall. You're not supposed to walk through a wall. I'm going to put you in jail." She picked up the long-suffering cat, and, lifting a loose floor board, dropped it into the hole. "This is your cell. You have to stay in the dark all by yourself. I'm going to town." The board clanged into place.

She put on a hat and coat, took up her bag, stepped through an imaginary doorway, pulled shut an invisible door, and calmly walked down the steps, a sophisticated young lady.

Catching sight of the dog lying in the shade, she forgot that she was to be sedate, and skipping across the lawn and out the gate, called pleasantly. "Here, Tippy, Tippy. Come on Tippy." The dog opened one sleepy eye with a "Leave me alone, I want to sleep," look. He closed it, and, thinking his tormentor would leave, began dozing. "Tippy, come here or I'll hit you." Her tone sharpened. Sensing her feelings, he slowly rose, stretched, and ambled towards her, muttering to himself.

Later I saw her playing with the dog. She had tied a rope around his neck to act as a leash. Not accustomed to the leash, the dog took a stubborn streak and stood his ground. She pulled harder, Tippy bounded forward and pulled the rope out of her hand. Her temper roused, she chased Tippy all over the yard, finally cornering him in the garden. She tightened her hold on the rope and started to jerk it nastily.

I threw open the door. "Elaine, stop that, you're hurting Tippy."

"I don't care. He won't do what I tell him. Bad dog, bad dog." She started to hit him.

"Elaine, stop that right now." I ran across the yard.

"I won't, he's my dog. I can do what I want with him. He's a bad dog, so I'm going to hurt him."

"Elaine." I wrenched the rope out of her hand. "You go to your room."

"I won't." I took a threatening step towards her and she sulkily began to walk to the house. I untied the rope from Tippy's neck.

Remembering the prisoner, I lifted the loose boards; the cat leaped out, glad to be in the sunshine again. Not seeing her jailer anywhere, she streaked for the barn.

A slim foot in a scuffed moccasin peeked around the corner. I pictured the rest of her stretched out in the old chair by the telephone; faded blue jeans topped by a ragged T-shirt covering her young body; tousled hair surrounding a now pouting face.

"You're an awful beast, Jack. I told you not to come over last night. (Pause) But I told you NOT to come. I don't care what you thought. (Pause) Friday? No, I'm going out with Keith on Friday." The receiver dropped. She came into the kitchen with her hands in her pockets. Even when pouting, she was attractive. Her hair was still fair, but now it was a golden blond instead of the bleached yellow it had been when she was small. Sparkling green eyes looked out from a fair-skinned face. She spoke with a clear, soft voice.

"I told him not to come."

"Maybe he wanted to." She turned and walked out. The screen door banged. The gate creaked. The telephone rang. I answered.

"No, Jack, she just went out. No; well, she isn't really mad. Friday night? -- Jack, did you know Ellen McArthur is out for her holidays? She came out on the bus last night. I'm sure she'd like to go to the dance on Friday. Why don't you ask her? (Pause) That's good. 'Bye.'"

I had released another prisoner.

I looked up; there she was on the hill with Keith. Her gay laugh carried back to me. I wondered if Keith might be able to hang on longer than any of her other boyfriends had; but I knew he wouldn't.

She had been with us for almost two years when I began to realize that she was different from us. She did grow up differently in spite of my training. I thought I had brought her up as I would have my own daughter, had she lived, but somewhere I had failed.

"Back so soon? What happened to Keith?"

"Got tired of him. He bores me." She went out. The creak of the swing came regularly. She had found something else to do.

I was tidying the house when she came in. "Guess what? I met the new boy from down the road. We're going to the dance at the lake on Friday."

"I thought you were going with Keith."

"I changed my mind. I'll phone him."

She dialed. I heard some low words, then the receiver dropped again. "He's mad."

"I don't think you should have done that."

"Why? They're my friends. I can do what I want with them "

Startled, I thought back, a picture of Elaine beating Tippy flashed across my mind. "He's my dog, I can do what I want with him."

A heavy weight settled down on me. Why hadn't she changed? "Oh, for heaven's sake will you stop exhibiting your power?" Silence. She had gone out. The telephone rang.

"Hello."

A tearful voice answered. "Hello, Mrs. Nelson, this is Sue. I hope you don't mind me phoning you, but I just had to know. Is Elaine going out with David Carson on Friday?"

"I don't know, Sue. Who's he?"

"He's the new boy who moved in down the road from your place."

"Oh, she did mention something about him. Yes, she is. Were you thinking about making it a foursome? I'm sure Elaine--"

"No, I was just wondering. Thank you." I heard her sob, before she hung up. Then I realized why Sue had been crying. I called out of the door. "Elaine, will you please come in?"

"Is lunch ready yet?" she asked as she came in the door.

"No, there is something else I'd like to talk to you about. Did you know that David was taking Sue to the dance on Friday?"

I answered the unspoken accusations in her eyes. "No, I didn't check up on you."

She hesitated. "No, I didn't know."

"Elaine, I don't like you lying to me."

"All right; so he did ask her first."

My face began to burn, but losing my temper would only make things worse.

"Why did you do it?"

"She's got no right to go out with him first. He's my neighbour."

"That doesn't give you any right either. Just how did you go about doing it?"

"I told him I'd never go out with him, if he didn't take me out this Friday. And I guess he wanted to take me out more than he did Sue."

"Elaine, how could you?" The phone rang again.

"I'll get it"; relieved, Elaine ran off. "Hello." she closed the door leading into the hall. I had lost another battle. Slowly I began to prepare lunch. Where had she learned things like that? Surely I had never done such selfish things. Elaine came back into the room with a look of supreme triumph on her face.

"He's mine, now. Sue just phoned and said she's never going out with him. See, he's mine."

I felt sick. "You should feel ashamed of yourself for doing that."

"Well, I don't, and I don't see why I should. If she isn't pretty enough to hang on to boyfriends, it isn't my fault." She went jauntily upstairs.

I finished our lunch and slowly set the table.

"Elaine, will you come down now?" There was no answer. "Elaine, lunch is ready." Again there was no answer. This was just too much. I stormed up the stairs. Her door was open.

"Elaine, didn't you hear me?"

"Yes." A strange voice came from the bed.

"Elaine, what is the matter?" She turned her head away from me.

"I'm so hot. My head aches."

"You had better crawl right into bed." Worried, I began to undress her. I tucked her into bed and put an icepack on her forehead. I went downstairs and phoned the doctor.

"Hello, Jim. This is Mary Nelson. Elaine has a temperature and a severe headache. Could you come?"

"I'll be right over."

"You don't think it's --" He had already hung up.

Waiting for the sound of the car, I paced the floor. I heard every sound about the house: its creaks; the rustle of the old maple tree outside; and finally the hum of the car and the slam of its door. I was on the front porch when Jim came up the walk.

"I hurried right over, Mary. Any changes?"

"No, she still just tosses and moans. Jim would she have polio?"

"I don't know, Mary. I'll have to see. You wait here!" I sat down and waited. Jim hadn't been here since Joan had died as a baby. He was a good doctor. There were so many things a youngster could catch in the summer. Maybe she only had an upset stomach.

I heard him coming down the stairs. I stood up. Jim came into the room with a worried expression on his face.

"I'm afraid I'll have to take her to the hospital for final tests. It looks like polio. But we caught it in its early stages. Mary--"

A grayness settled over the room. The sunshine on the floor was now a bleak color. The birds' singing seemed harsh and out of place. A feeling of deep depression settled down on me.



The day was bright and clear. It would be another warm September day. Outside the wind rustled the now colorful leaves of the maple tree.

I heard Elaine out on the porch. "Mother, can you please come here?"

I went out. She was sitting in her wheel chair. Her book had dropped to the floor, out of her reach. Her bones stuck through her pale, colorless skin. The breeze gently played with a lustreless strand of hair.

"Mother, can you take me in?" I don't want to be here when they all go by. They all stare at me so."

"Elaine, they don't. They're your friends, and they want to help. Why don't you let them?"

Bitterly she replied. "They can't help. Can I go in now?"

I began to tuck her blankets and turned her chair. But too late. I heard voices coming from up the road.

Ellen and Jack stopped at the gate. "Hi, Mrs. Nelson, hello Elaine." An awkward silence. Then Sue and David, the new boy, stopped and called in from the gate.

"Hi, how are you?" Elaine stiffened and in a cold voice said. "I'm fine, thank you. Mother, will you please take me in?" I wheeled her chair into the house. The young people slowly moved down the road. Inside the house Elaine gave way to her anger and despair.

"Sure, they come by, 'How are you, Elaine.' They make me sick. Jack's with Ellen and Sue with David; and after she said she'd never go out with him. Tomorrow is the last dance at the lake. I bet they're all going. But I can't. Because I'm just like a prisoner. Only I haven't got bars and locks to keep me. I've got legs that won't move and an arm that won't do what I want it to. It's worse than bars. Because I'll be like this forever." Her voice rose to a hysterical pitch. Tears were streaming down her face; sobs were shaking her thin shoulders. I put my arms around her and held her close. Gradually her sobs subsided.

"Elaine, I'll always be here to look after you."

She stiffened in my arms and jerked away from me. "I don't want to be looked after. Leave me alone. I don't want to be looked after." She was hysterical again.

That same deep depression settled down on me.

Ruth Jettkant  
Edmonton

NOTE:

The three short stories which follow were prize winners in the I.C.D.E. Short Story Writing Contest.

### MR. CHADD'S ESCAPE

Mr. Mosely never quite knew how Mr. Chadd arrived at his office. He was sitting at his desk one morning reading the "Sporting Gazette", when he became slowly aware that there was someone watching him; and looking up, he beheld a small, pale man standing quietly in the room. There was no knowing how long he had stood there, politely waiting to be noticed.

Mr. Mosely felt decidedly upset even though he was Manager and part owner of Mosely and Co., and ought to have been master of the situation. After all, it is no crime to read the "Sporting Gazette."

"Hah!" he said belligerently. "Eh?"

"My name is Chadd," explained the little man. "Swithin Chadd. I came about your advertisement."

He held out a small piece of newspaper, much-fingered and slightly moist.

"Ah!" said Mr. Mosely, with understanding. He was embarrassed. Mosely and Co. was in need of a new junior accountant, and an advertisement had been placed in the "Male Help Wanted" column of the paper. Admittedly, Mr. Chadd might have been an accountant -- even a very good accountant -- but the word "junior" did not apply to him. He looked as though he were nearing fifty, and the skimpy hair on that modest cranium was greyish-white.

There was something appealing about the newcomer. He had wistful brown eyes, and in spite of his discomfiture, his heart was touched. He decided, however, to be firm.

"Now look here, Mr. Chadd," he said. "This job - well, the salary is small. Not much to it."

Mr. Chadd was not discouraged. He even smiled a little to himself.

"Not only that," went on the Manager gruffly, "but the work is hard. Long hours, you know. Uninteresting too. Very unimportant position. Few chances of advancement. You must be used to a more senior position."

"Oh no," protested Mr. Chadd modestly.

Now Mr. Mosely was a kind-hearted man. His junior accountants led lives of poverty and hardship, but they always forgave him when they left. Nevertheless, leave they did, usually after about six months; and Mosely and Co. was nearly always short-staffed. Some of the stronger ones stayed as long as nine months, but even they ended up with ulcers.

Mr. Mosely, you see, knew how to run a business.

But having taken a liking to Mr. Chadd, he decided not to let him in for the job.

"Look Chadd," he said in a burst of honesty, "this is a rotten job. Rotten! Not your cup of tea at all."

"Really, I'd like it," protested Mr. Chadd. "Actually I'm rather keen to start at the bottom."

Mr. Mosely found himself a little taken aback. The sad, hopeful eyes were fixed on him. They were infinitely pathetic.

"Oh well --" At last he gave in.

"If you really want it -- I'll show you where you'll be working."

And so Mr. Chadd was installed in an office in the basement. He could hardly have started lower. The window was on a level with the ground, and opened onto a narrow passageway between two buildings; a passage haunted by garbage collectors and stray cats. Every day, when the sun reached its zenith, one sickly ray entered Mr. Chadd's room by means of a reflector hung outside the window. Every day, that is, that it did not rain.

The office (which had once been a broom closet) held very little furniture. The desk was propped up with a book called "Higher Mathematics." There was an ash-tray containing nibs because smoking was forbidden; and a calendar, which kept time eternally fixed at January 1, 1938.

Here Mr. Chadd worked. His work consisted of every job that the other accountants refused to do. People passing his door saw him always in the same position, bent over his ledgers. No one knew anything about him. No one knew where he lived, or whether he had a family, or how he spent his Sundays, or what he thought of the threat of a third World War. Even the office boy treated him with contempt.

Six months passed by. During this time Mr. Mosely saw him twice. The first time was an occasion of great friendship. The Manager was in a good mood because it was his birthday, and he felt that it was time to do something for his new accountant.

"Now Chadd," he began in a mellow and genial way, "I have had good reports of you. You're dependable. You are always first to get here in the morning and the last to leave at night. You've wasted no time talking to the other accountants during office hours. We're proud of you, Chadd. The Company intends to raise your salary."

"Oh no, sir," said Mr. Chadd. "That won't do at all."

Mr. Mosely blinked. "Won't do, Chadd?"

"No, sir."

"Hah!" said Mr. Mosely, thunderstruck. After a pause he said, "Would you mind telling me, Chadd, why you don't want it?"

"I'd rather not sir."

Mr. Mosely tried again. "Well, perhaps there's something else we could do for you, hmm? How about it? A roomier office? A more responsible position?"

"I'd rather not sir, if you don't mind. I'm quite satisfied as I am."

This interview left the Manager feeling alarmed and rather guilty. He felt responsible for Mr. Chadd. The paleness of the man, his quiet manner, and - worst of all - his sad brown eyes seemed to haunt Mr. Mosely and reproach him.

It quite spoilt his birthday.

The second time the Manager saw his accountant, the circumstances were not so happy.

Mr. Chadd was dead.

It was all very sad. He had died at his desk, in the middle of adding up a row of figures. The office boy had come into the room, seen him in his usual position, and spoken to him. Getting no answer, he touched him on the shoulder and discovered that he was as cold as a fish, and quite dead.

The doctor said he must have been dead at least three days. His position had been so lifelike, and his acquaintance with the other accountants so small, that no one had found out until the entrance of the office boy.

Now the worst of it was that he had not died of old age, as did most of the employees of Mosely and Co. He had not died of a stroke, or T.B., or even of a nice conservative heart-attack. He had died of shock. This was all very revolutionary and disquieting.

The explanation was found in a telegram, which was clasped in the dead man's hand.

"TIRED OF WAITING. WILL ARRIVE 6.30 TRAIN. Grace"

The matter was put into the hands of the Police, who soon found Grace and brought her in for questioning. Mr. Chadd had no relatives, and where he had been living remained a mystery.

Mr. Mosely, feeling unaccountably guilty, did his best for Mr. Chadd. He paid for a tasteful, economical funeral, and was seen to blow his nose violently when it was all over.



Then he interviewed Grace. The name was misleading. She was a heavy woman of forty-eight, with powerful arms.

"I was his fiancée," she explained. "I've been engaged for twenty-seven years."

"Ah?" said Mr. Mosely.

"He decided to postpone the wedding until he was earning a good salary and held a responsible position. He was determined to spare me any discomfort, you see. But he was unlucky. He never seemed to earn enough for two, so at last I decided not to wait any longer. I suppose the shock of joy he got on receiving my telegram was too much for poor Swithin, and he passed away. I don't like to blame you, Mr. Mosely, but if you had only paid the poor man a little better, none of this would have happened."

"Ah!" said Mr. Mosely profoundly.

And, being a wise man, he said no more.

Gillian Amies  
Edmonton

## SYMPHONY

"I'll get it!" Lynne paused before her bedroom mirror for a last minute inspection, then skipped down the stairs with a swish of silk crinolines and crisp summer cottons.

Carefully preparing a smile, she opened the door and greeted the expected caller with, "Hi, Bill. Come on in."

"Hi, Lynne. How are you tonight?"

Gracefully guiding the tall, blonde boy into the living room, Lynne undertook the necessary introductions.

"Mom, I'd like you to meet Bill Fenton," she said politely. "Bill, my mother."

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Carter," Bill murmured, and received an approving smile in return.

"Dad, this is Bill Fenton," Lynne continued. "Bill, I'd like you to meet my father."

"Hello, Bill," greeted Mr. Carter. "I hear Sheridan's going to walk away with the provincial basketball title tonight, eh?"

"We're certainly going to try, sir," Bill replied.

"Good luck anyhow. And try to save a little of your energy for the dance afterward -- have to please the women too, you know." Mr. Carter winked at Lynne.

"Oh, I think we'll manage all right," Bill laughed, and Lynne's cheeks turned faintly pink as she bent over to turn off the soft music from the record player.

"Well, goodbye and have a good time," Mrs. Carter called as she ushered them out of the front door.

" 'Bye, Mom and Dad. See you later!"

"Goodbye, kids!"

Leaning on the closed door, Mrs. Carter smiled and said, "He looks like a very nice boy, and according to Lynne, he's very popular around the school. I think she called him a 'wheel' or something."

"Somethinglike that," Mr. Carter agreed. "Lynne told me that he's president of the Booster Club and a top-notch student as well as captain of the basketball team."

"I just hope he doesn't fall too far short of Lynne's expectations," Mrs. Carter fretted as she moved back into the living room. "She's had so little experience with boys and dating, and is such a sensitive child."

Outside, Bill gaily escorted Lynne to his cardinal red convertible.

"You knew that Dave and Gail are doubling with us tonight, didn't you?" Bill queried as he started the engine and pulled quietly away from the curb.

"Oh, yes," Lynne smilingly assured him. Did she know? Why, she and Gail had been dreaming of this night all week!

"Say, did you hear about the little explosion Dave had in the chem lab today?" Bill laughed.

Lynne nodded gleefully, and the next few minutes were filled with the jovial exchange of bits of information about the "blowup" from a variety of sources.

Suddenly Bill pulled over to the curb, announcing grandly "The chemist's headquarters!"

A quick toot on the horn was answered by the banging open of the front door of the house under discussion, and the scuffling of loafers on the sidewalk.

"Hi, Bill! Hi, Lynne!" Dave called, leaping lightly into the back seat. "Onward to battle, James!" All set to skunk 'em?"

The car pulled away again, and an animated discussion of how Sheridan High had the title "all wrapped up" occupied the three-some.

"Here we are, man!" Dave ejaculated, and hopped out as the car slowed to a stop. "Take care of yourselves, now. I'll be right back!"

Bill and Lynne were still laughing at the "crazy mixed up" antics of the long-legged "chemist" when Dave reappeared at the doorway with an equally merry Gail.

"Hi there!" was her jaunty greeting, as she and Dave settled themselves in the car.

"Off we go!" Dave called. "Next stop, the Sheridan gym."

In front of the gym, crowds of joking teen-agers were gathered. After escorting the girls into the stands, the two boys disappeared to the dressing rooms with a cheery "See you later to dance the victory dance!"

Lynne and Gail melted into the buzzing Sheridan cheering section. Rapid conversation finally gave way to the starting whistle and the game was under way. Lynne watched avidly, cheering and screaming with the rest as Sheridan surged ahead. But all the time her thoughts were on Bill and how lucky she was to be dated by him. Why, almost any girl in the school would give her eye-teeth to have a date with Bill Fenton!

The flurry of after-game rejoicing finally died down and Lynne found herself on the dance floor in Bill's arms. Fear filled her for a moment. What should she talk about now? What could she say to keep an interesting conversation going?

But the problem was easily solved. Gay chatter about the game flew continuously back and forth between the dancing couples from both schools. What fun it is to be part of the gang, Lynne thought happily.

At intermission several dances later, Lynne went to the powder room to refresh herself.

"Hi, Lynne!" one of the girls greeted her as she entered. "How's it going?"

"Fine, natch!" Marg, the school gossip, answered quickly. "She's with Bill Fenton, no less!"

Lynne then became the centre of attraction. She blushed and tried to flip off the numerous questions casually. But Marg seemed determined to keep Lynne in the limelight.

"I just happened to hear Bill and Dave talking in music class today," she continued. "How do you like that, eh? Here I try for ages to get him to take me out just once, and..."

Leaving the buzzing room as soon as possible, Lynne made her way back to the gym for the rest of the dance.

Too soon, it seemed, the home waltz was over, and Lynne settled herself in the convertible once again. Dave and Bill, in understandably high spirits, led the way to the "Chocolate Bar" for refreshments.

As the door of the teen-agers' hang-out opened, a blast of juke-box jazz made Lynne cringe. Why, she thought, do we always have to be surrounded by such raucous nonsense?

As the foursome made their way to a booth, greetings flew at them from every direction. Lynne felt many appraising eyes following her and blushed a little to know that the "wheels" were talking in whispers about her. She had an overpowering urge to smooth her hair and straighten her collar, but didn't - she walked and acted as casually as possible.

At last, she and Bill were alone. After Dave had waved goodbye and banged the front door of his house, Lynne had breathed a tiny sigh of relief and settled back in the seat. Bill grinned at her and switched on the radio before he started the engine.

Cool night breezes ruffled Lynne's hair as the car began to move. Then from the silent night, clear, silvery strains reached her ears. Her heart seemed to soar to the moon with the enchanting loveliness of the melody as it grew in depth and volume. Dolce changed to marcato, and andante to allegro as Lynne drifted into dreamland. This was the real music to her -- ragtime and jazz held no place in its kingdom. Here was the feeling that no words could express. She felt tears of joy bubbling



inside of her as the full orchestra joined in the cadenza. She would tell Bill. He'd understand how she felt -- how could he help it? Who could resist such rapture? Such overwhelming relaxation? But no. She couldn't tell Bill. He was a basketball player. He'd laugh at her and wonder how anyone could be so "queer."

Lynne sat up abruptly, as Bill turned the dial and announced "Well, this is more like it. Real cool, eh what?"

Her heart cringed as a jarring jazz hit blared forth, but she managed a weak smile in answer. Real cool? Never! But then, Bill was just a basketball player.

The car pulled to a stop in front of her house, and Bill politely helped her out.

"Well, here we are." He grinned as they sauntered up the walk. "The end is forced upon us -- too soon. Would it be all right if I phoned you in the morning, Lynne?"

"That'll be fine, Bill." Lynne had regained her poise and good nature. "And thanks a lot. I had a swell time."

"Thank yourself. Well, goodnight. See you tomorrow."

"Good night, Bill."

When Lynne had disappeared into the house, Bill leaped into the car and flicked the radio dial again. As the silver-toned instrumental music replaced the popular sing-song, his eyes glowed and he smiled joyfully. How much this music meant to him! He felt he could fly to the moon with its undulating euphony. Reality was replaced with the sweet song of dreamland...Basketball games and dances were all right, but not a truly satisfying substitution. Lynne was a good kid -- much better than most of the crowd. But even she wouldn't comprehend his sensitivity to classical music. She would have laughed at him if he had left the dial at this program. He'd been forced to change it, as much as it hurt him to do so and to joke about it. No, maybe not now, but someday he'd find someone who would understand.

Barbara Borgal  
Calgary

## THE HONEST THIEF

He had never stolen before. He would never steal again. The complete success of the theft had changed him into an honest person.

Ron Femur had always been an honest boy. He got along well at school, he was well-liked, and was happy with his parents. But fate had not planned this happiness to continue and Ron's parents were claimed by death at a railway crossing.

Ron was sent to live with his aunt who had little time or patience for a twelve-year old boy. He attempted to do as she said and be happy in his new surroundings, but the difference from his former life and the yearning for his parents whom he knew he would never see again made him perpetually unhappy.

His uncle, being a traveler for a large company, was not at home often; he spoke little to Ron when he was, and never seemed to smile. He seemed to pay no attention to Ron, as if he wasn't there. His dad had always played with him, taken him on fishing trips, or sat and talked with him.

He also found it very hard to believe that his aunt was his mother's sister. There was no comparison between the two. His mother loved a quiet supper or a picnic with just Ron and his father. Aunt Molly loved a formal dinner with a great mass of dignified people. Children were never wanted there and Ron ate in the kitchen, feeling very lonesome and unwanted.

Then he stole the wallet. Aunt Molly had a habit of carrying a small cloth bag whenever she went anywhere. She could pack everything she needed in it. On the top of it a bulging brown wallet lay. Ron had seen it many times, but had never touched it.

But one afternoon, Aunt Molly hurried into the kitchen and put the bag on a chair. Following behind were two prominent socialites of the town who went into the living room and deposited themselves in chairs. Aunt Molly told Ron to stay out of the way, then prepared a luncheon on a tray and joined her comrades.

Ron walked about the kitchen quietly and rather sadly. His eyes fell on the wallet and without a moment's hesitation, he hurried to his room and got a large sheet of art paper he had brought from school to practice a project on. He came back cautiously to the kitchen and listened to make sure that everyone was still in the living room.

When he was sure that it was safe he snatched up the wallet and hurriedly wrapped it in the paper. Putting an elastic band around it, he stuffed it into his pocket and went into the bathroom. He wetted a sponge and dampened all the outside surfaces of the art paper thoroughly. Wringing out the sponge, he placed it where it had been and shoved the wallet under his shirt.

Walking nonchalantly down the hall, he entered the kitchen. His aunt was there. For a moment he thought that all was lost, but she worked on busily. Then she saw him and he realized she suspected nothing.

"You look rather pale," she said, "Why don't you get some fresh air? Supper will be a little late tonight."

"All right," Ron said, and hurried toward the door, "I'll be in the back yard."

When he got outside, he started to weed the flower bed, working toward the prize roses that were planted in fine black soil. He soon arrived there with a small handful of weeds. After a quick look around he dipped inside his shirt and brought out the still moist package. He rolled and rubbed it in the earth until it became completely camouflaged. Then he gathered up the weeds with the wallet in the middle and walked towards the garage. Quickly reaching the back fence, he tossed the package onto the ground between the fence and the garage. He scattered the weeds into the compost pile and slipped out of the back gate. Reaching through the fence, he tossed the wallet a few feet further on. Then he crouched down and started to make a nest for the wallet at the base of the thick grass. Ron placed the wallet in the nest and patted the grass down as it has been. Getting up quickly, he eyed his work critically, and then went back into the yard. He busied himself raking for a few minutes, but before long he returned to the wallet. It was in a good hiding place. There were not more than ten inches between the garage and the fence, and the grass and weeds were thick.

With a sigh, Ron walked away, put the rake back, and went gratefully to a lawn chair. Sparrows flitted about under the eaves, and then sat and peered at him. They seemed to know that he had taken that wallet. As Ron peered back at them, he knew that his conscience would pay for this crime even if he was not caught. But he would or could not take it back; he had gone too far now. He got up suddenly which frightened the sparrows away.

Nervously entering the house, he waited for the news. Aunt Molly's friends had departed and she was busy in the kitchen.

She looked at him with a pleased expression and said, "I saw you raking the grass, and you were doing it very well. You go out and finish it now and I'll give you something for it, which you will like very much."

"Okay, Auntie," Ron said, as he backed out through the door.

He tore up the grass with much vigor, but his heart was not in it. His inner self kept repeating, "It was wrong of you to take that wallet," but he ignored it as best he could and kept drawing foreign things from the green carpet.

When he had finished, he went back into the house and watched his aunt prepare supper. She gazed out of the window and said, "An excellent job, you really do your work thoroughly! Now I will show you what I found for you down town, those four stamps you needed to complete the French collection in your stamp book." With determination she pawed through the bag but with no success.

"That's strange," she said, "I can't find my wallet. I always put it in here. Maybe it is in my coat; Ronnie, look in my coat pockets."

"Okay," Ron said, and hurried into the hall, knowing the coat would be walletless. They both scurried about the house in a vain attempt to find the safely hidden purse.

With a sigh, Aunt Molly gave up the search and said, "If it isn't on the sidewalk or in the car, I must have lost it down town."

The car was turned inside out, but all they found were two dirty pennies on the floor. The sidewalk yielded nothing so they went back into the house.

"Don't worry about the stamps; I'll get some more tomorrow," said Aunt Molly.

Ron wasn't worrying about the stamps, however. He was worrying about himself. How could he have taken that wallet! He looked back on all the things that had happened to him since he had come to live with his aunt and uncle, and he realized that his life with them was a lot better than he had pictured it before. He must have been feeling sorry for himself. Although some mistakes had been made, his aunt and uncle had never had children around before, and they were learning by trial and error. His aunt had lived a much different life before he came, and he couldn't expect her to change completely because of him. Maybe the reason for his uncle's quietness was that he was tired out. After all he was awfully old. At least forty.

Then he knew that he must return the wallet. Most of the evening he tried to think how he could get it back without throwing suspicion on himself. Uncle Bob arrived home and after hearing about the wallet, took it as an instance and joked with Ron all evening about how careless women were.

Ron kept wanting to say, "It wasn't Aunt Molly's fault. I did it; I'm sorry I did and I'll never do anything like it again."

Sleep for Ron did not come easily that night, and what sleep he did get just made him more tired. The next day was Saturday, which would give Ron plenty of time to find a way to return the wallet.

He got up to find his aunt and uncle already dressed and eating. "I'm going to get some more of those stamps down town, Ron", Aunt Molly smiled, "and I'm going to put an ad in the newspaper about my wallet."



I won't get French stamps; I'll buy some Italian ones to start your collection of that country. There is still a chance that my wallet may be returned with the stamps. I'll be home at noon to get your dinner; if you want to, you may come with me..."

"No, thanks, Auntie," Ron said, "I'll stay home."

"If you would rather," she said, "You may go to a show this afternoon."

Before long they left, and Ron knew that he must do what he must do before they got back. He put on his jacket and went outside with a small bag of meat scraps and a bone that he found in the garbage. He went up the lane, in hopes of finding the neighbor's pup off his chain. After searching for half an hour he found him following some neighborhood children. A short whistle brought him running, and Ron, with the pup following at his heels, was ready for the next part of his plan.

He took the pup into the garage with the scraps and then retrieved the package from the grass. Putting the wallet in his pocket, he buried the art paper as best he could. He took care to tear up the rest and scatter it so that it did not look as if it had been a large sheet. Then he entered the garage and started to tease the pup with the wallet. When he dropped it upon the ground the pup grabbed it and chewed it and pawed it vigorously. After it had been thoroughly tooth marked by the pup, Ron wrenched the wallet from him. Setting the masticated purse on a shelf far from Rex, Ron again closed the door, leaving the lively pup inside.

The bone now entered the plan. Carrying it around to the front of the house, he quickly buried it in the flower bed beside the front walk. Rex must again do some work for Ron's cause. When led around he soon smelled the bone and excavated in the hyacinths. Ron quickly departed into the house. After a considerable amount of pawing Rex retrieved the bone and, crawling to one side, began to chew furiously. Ron came out again and took the pup's bone back to Rex who would be contented for half a day with it.

Going into the garage, Ron got the wallet and took it to the ruined flower bed where he dropped it into the hole. Sprinkling a bit of dirt on it, he left the scene and took up his vantage point behind the curtain in the living room, where he could see clearly, but could not be readily seen. It was then 10:30 a.m., and he realized he might have to guard the wallet from other dogs and Rex, for an hour and maybe longer before his aunt found it. It could not be missed as dirt was all over the sidewalk leading to the house.

Aunt Molly and Uncle Bob arrived a half hour later much to the relief of Ron. As soon as he saw them pick up the wallet, he hurried down to the workshop in the basement and started work on an end table that he had been making. He was so nervous that he did not trust himself doing anything more than sanding. He did this industriously in anticipation of the coming encounter with his aunt or uncle.

The front door opened and he heard steps on the floor above. He had planned to stay down in the basement for a few minutes and come up casually as though there was nothing unusual. But curiosity consumed him and he dashed upstairs at once.

His aunt smiled and said, "Look what I found in the flower bed, Ron, my wallet!"

Ron let a sigh of relief escape him as he said, "Was anything missing from it?"

"No," Aunt Molly beamed, "But the money is a bit damp and the wallet itself is ruined; it appears to have been chewed by a dog. The teeth-marks look like those of a pup. He must have carted it away when I dropped it and then started to bury it in the flower bed this morning. Perhaps another dog distracted him, because he didn't completely bury it."

"It must have been Rex, the Johnson's pup," Ron said decidedly; "I have been over playing with him quite a bit so it is my fault that he wandered over here and found it. I will buy you a new wallet with part of my allowance."

"You had nothing to do with it, Ron; you don't have to replace it," Aunt Molly argued.

"But I want to," Ron said, "and I'm going to."

Aunt Molly gave up the battle and said, "If you insist, Ron, but now, here is a dollar. Would you mind getting a dozen eggs from the corner store? You can have the change to start buying me a new wallet with."

When Ron left, Aunt Molly turned to Uncle Bob and said, "I knew if we gave him a chance to right the wrong he would return the money. He is not really a bad boy."

"Maybe the pup brought the wallet from Ron's hiding place without his knowledge," Uncle Bob pondered. "After all you only saw him wrapping it in the paper."

"No," Aunt Molly declared, "He is an honest boy at heart; besides he looked too happy when he saw it. The way he returned it proves he is a very clever boy, but his moral thinking is shaking him. We must help him in the future so that he never takes the wrong road again. Our actions may have contributed to his crime."

"Yes, you're right," Uncle Bob admitted. "We haven't been very good parents. We will have to treat him better in the future."

Ron became happy with his aunt and uncle, the three of them being held together by a robbery that was beneficial to the thief who became an honest man.

Gary Down  
Calgary

## APPENDIX D:

## POETRY

Autumn

A brightly plumaged pheasant,  
 The settler's coat of red,  
 The weather-worn old farmhouse,  
 A paint-peeled cattle-shed.

The golden hue of poplars  
 The yellow stooks of grain,  
 And against the azure background,  
 The smoke of a passing train.

Oh, you may have your mountains,  
 And lakes, serene and clear;  
 I'll take a prairie countryside,  
 Now that Autumn's here.

Thelma Berg  
 Edmonton

Summer Song

Where the pools lie bright and deep  
 Where the big trout lie asleep,  
 Up the river glad and free,  
 That's the road for my dog and me.  
 Where the bird songs sweet fill all the day,  
 Where air is fragrant with clover and hay,  
 Where the nestlings chirp with glee  
 That's the road for my dog and me.

Larry Malin  
 Calgary

The First Journey Alone

I hold my breath;  
 I dare not breathe  
 Lest he turn round  
 And meet his death.  
 My hands grip the gate;  
 He stands so long;  
 He crosses so late.  
 My heart plays tricks;  
 The road is so wide;  
 The traffic so fast.  
 - - He is only six!

Mary Humphrey  
 Edmonton



## SOME LIGHT VERSE

## POET'S LAZINESS

How do you write poetry?  
Is a tough thought that's in mind,  
You write and think and rack your brains  
and then it doesn't rhyme.

You write all day and most of the night  
To find that little word  
That puts the whole darn thing together  
So the meaning isn't blurred.

The next day you are to hand it in,  
The marks are out of ten.  
It's then you stop to read it  
To find "mice" doesn't rhyme with "men."

You finally have it reworded  
And are set to hand it in.  
You shake and stumble up the aisle,  
And sweat when you see her grin.

Ted McConnell  
Calgary

Limerick

There was a young man from the city  
Who took out a girl he thought pretty;  
It started to rain,  
Now hear him complain,  
Her beauty washed off -- what a pity!

HokkusThe Winter Days

The dull plodding days  
File heedlessly by, treading  
The vast plain of weeks.

Autumn Days

Autumn days are gone,  
Dark clouds intercept the sun -  
Mists rest undisturbed.

Nightfall

As twilight draws nigh  
Night pulls her star-covered  
Blanket over the sky.

Crescendo

Tiptoeing, flowing,  
Soaring, growing, ascending  
The stairway of song.

The sun became enveloped in the grey sky,  
And a depressing shadow cast itself over the face of the earth.  
Suddenly it became light again  
For short, fleeting seconds,  
And again the dark;  
And again the light,  
In continuous circle.

And the winds rose wrathfully in unison  
As though avenging the death of a brother wind.  
They howled and wailed,  
Raged and adreamed  
With feverish, insane glee.  
Then the winds subsided,  
And the earth became deathly calm.

Seeming again to recall their anger, they combined,  
And rose to their mission of havoc.

The Waters joined in the grim play.  
The oceans, the seas, the rivers, the lakes, and the streams  
Became one,  
All devoted to the common task of  
Rising beyond their ranks to destroy.  
And the waters of the ground  
Called upon their ally from the heavens.  
And another playmate was enlisted.

And the earth itself  
Lent its powerful hand to the game,  
Inflicting long, wide incisions  
Cross its own body.  
And the incisions became yawning, hungry mouths,  
Devouring all which happened in the way.

Now the Winds and the Waters, and the Earth and the Darkness  
All joined hands.  
And a single gargantuan force  
In a single gargantuan sweep  
Uprooted and threw down all the things which had remained standing,  
Cleansed the world of all its evil,  
And obliterated its sprinkling of good;  
And for an incredible spell  
Kicked and hammered and beat wildly, crazily, frantically  
Against the haggard sphere.

Suddenly they stopped.  
The sun broke through its blanket of clouds  
And illumed the vast nothingness;  
And the winds returned whence they had come;  
And the waters slid reluctantly back to their places;  
And the Earth doctored its own wounds,  
And cleared the debris.

The world began anew.

Marvin Petal  
Edmonton

The following poem was composed by a Grade XI class in a Calgary high school:

The Calgary Stampede

Morning

The milling crowd weaves to and fro  
 Thronging pavements, lining the curb,  
 Gazing from windows, roof-tops, cars,  
 Breathlessly awaiting the parade.  
 Streamers, ten gallon hats,  
 Lariats, and spurs  
 Wave, twirl and shine.  
 Torontonians, New Yorkers, Texans  
 Mingle with Indians and cowboys.  
 On the corners, chuck-wagon outfits  
 Serve bacon, flap-jacks and coffee;  
 The old Wild West lives again.  
 Square-dance eights dot the straw-covered street.  
 Freckled faces of small boys beam from the curb,  
 Boys who squirmed through the crowd to get there  
 And yell "They're coming!"  
 Distant lively notes drift on the air -  
 Lofty banners, gliding floats, martial music;  
 Riders prancing on high-stepping horses,  
 Silver buckles, gay saddles, jingling harness,  
 The parade!  
 Everybody cheers as the parade goes by.

Atop their cayuses the Indians ride  
 Slowly, surely,  
 Dark faces set in stony silence  
 Moulded in deep lines of dignity and pride.  
 Forgetting not their lost lordship,  
 They pass, unfathomable eyes straight before them,  
 Feathered head-dresses waving in the breeze.  
 Bright beads, gay patterns,  
 Red, yellow, blue, green, fuchsia,  
 Flash in the sun.  
 Bronzed chief erect, with sweeping feathers,  
 Placid squaw with glossy braids,  
 Drowsy papoose, dark eyes wondering  
 The Indians ride, highlight of the parade.

Pioneers ride in democrats, buggies,  
 Wagons and prairie schooners.  
 Young bucks of long ago,  
 Ladies in bonnets and hoop skirts  
 Sit smiling,  
 Proud of their city, grown from a trading-post  
 Where the Elbow meets the Bow.  
 They remember rough trails and log cabins,  
 Tell tall tales of the old days  
 When they were young in an untamed land.

Afternoon

Bucking broncos, snorting steers, bawling calves,  
 Bright shirts, high-heeled boots,  
 Raucous voices ringing out,  
 Afternoon show.  
 The chute opens;  
 The crowd roars,  
 "Ride 'em cowboy 'n let 'er buck!"  
 Riders cling to plunging mounts  
 Or work feverishly against time  
 To rope a calf or milk a cow.  
 Jockeys parade to the post.  
 The bell clangs - they're off!  
 In swirls of dust  
 They skim the corners and round the stretch,  
 Racing champions.  
 Soon rumbling chuck-wagons find their posts;  
 Tension mounts as horses paw the ground;  
 Dick Cosgrave doffs his well-worn stetson;  
 The grandstand waits.  
 The klaxon sounds!  
 Cowpokes toss up the stove;  
 The horses strain to make the turns,  
 Galloping for position.  
 Dust covers the cheering stands as wild teams race by,  
 While the crowd cheers red, black, or gold.  
 Squeals of glee, screams of fear are heard,  
 As horses and wagons pound down the stretch,  
 Tired, but game,  
 Manes flying.  
 The crowd is on its feet, delirious with excitement -  
 Who will be chuck-wagon champion of the world?

Evening

Noisy bustling crowds throng the Midway;  
 Hot dogs, pink fluff, candy apples  
 Hamburgers sizzling -  
 Hungry hundreds jam the stalls.  
 Games, side-shows, Vendors shout;  
 Ferris-wheels and moon-rockets whirl dizzily  
 Above the sky, below the city  
 Then screech to a halt.  
 Off stagger the joy-riders, two by two.  
 Tang of excitement, fear-sprinkled -  
 "I'm not afraid, but hold my hand!"  
 This twirling, whirling Midway is different  
 For folks are dressed in Western style,  
 Kaleidoscope of colors,  
 And Western hospitality rides high.

Ten-thirty, and the fireworks start  
 Their breath-taking display.  
 Burst multi-colored rockets against indigo sky.  
 Silver showers of stars  
 Spray earthward like diamond rain.  
 Everyone sighs happily;  
 A perfect day!



The following poems were all winning entries  
in I.C.D.E. Contests.

Summer Morning

The lazy dew slipped from the fragrant foliage;  
A wan sun streaked the air with prism threads;  
I plucked a poppy from the earth, and listened --  
A thrush was warbling brightly in the hedge.  
A spider flitted down the wall of moistened brick  
And wound among the placid strawberry beds.  
I grasped a branch of sweetest honeysuckle,  
And held its fresh wet blossoms to my cheek.  
The grass that pricked my feet was damply clinging;  
'Round the bluebells, shimmering moths played hide-and-seek.  
A breeze, like hushed breath, stirred the tranquil moment;  
To this beauty, my proud heart was silent, meek.

Irene Kupecsek  
Calgary

The River

You ripple gently o'er your banks,  
The sun has warmed you well.  
Your trees are green,  
And sweetly seen,  
Is willow in the dell.  
How sweetly tranquil now you lie,  
How calm your water clear  
Your banks are mellow,  
With primrose yellow,  
That scatters o'er them dear.  
The woods beyond are dark and dense,  
The floor is damp with moss;  
But yours is light,  
With pebbles bright,  
Where fishes cross and cross.  
What secrets do you hold and keep  
What happiness you know.  
Here children played,  
Where some have strayed,  
To romp where breezed blow.  
Oh river clear, your music brings  
A soft and soothing charm,  
That ripples kind,  
Into my mind,  
Like some remembered psalm.

Sally Evans  
Calgary

The Road Home

I drove along  
 Alone and thoughtful  
 Blindly following  
 The grey, snake-like road.  
 The sun was setting  
 Golden and beautiful --  
 Its shining radiance  
 Slipping slowly out of sight  
 Then dusk --  
 Quiet, serene  
 Its soft arms engulfing me  
 As I pressed onward  
 Lights slipped on  
 One here, one there --  
 Slowly dotting the countryside  
 Like a leopard's skin.  
 Darkness  
 Black and silent,  
 It surrounded me --  
 Quickly, stealthily.  
 Finally, the city  
 Gay and twinkling  
 Beckoned me  
 Welcomed me -- home.

Anne Munro  
 Calgary

He'll Smile

Yea, boss, I've been working here,  
 Shinin' shoes for thirteen years;  
 Rain or shine they come . . .  
 The old, the new,  
 Say -- "Hello, Sam,  
 How's business, how are you?"  
 I sit and watch the shoes  
 Go marchin' by,  
 And some turn in . . .  
 I wink one eye,  
 And try to please 'em  
 With a little talk  
 And give a bit of advice  
 On how to walk  
 To best chow off the shine,  
 They laugh but then  
 They do just like I say . . . and come again  
 I'll tell you, boss,  
 There's one man . . . long an' sober,  
 Comes here every day . . . never speaks,  
 Just comes and goes,  
 Been here for weeks  
 Pays me right well,  
 Some day . . . I'll tell you when . . .  
 He'll smile, no one could be that glum;  
 And I hope I'll be the one  
 That made it come.

Lee Roughsedge  
 Calgary

### The Lamp

The lamplight gleams pale through the night  
and encloses a moth's cream wing  
in amber shadow,  
The insect drifts,  
dizzy and intoxicated - -  
staring into the heart of the yellow globe  
as if to find there the answer  
to life.

A man laughs up at the light - -  
Strong, jubilant  
with the certainty  
that he has conquered another woman.  
Then sees in the lamp's steady glow  
steady grey eyes and sooty lashes,  
calm  
frankly clear  
yet - - enigmatic.  
The lamp reveals: and he is staggered  
That he loves,  
and it is she who has conquered him.

A tawny cat prowls from its leafy hideaway  
slinking toward its home, when  
The dog ambles past.  
He slows  
A rumble collects in his throat.  
Spitting,  
Yowling,  
Readying its thick yellow form  
The cat springs to the lamp-pole.  
Its claws dig into the wood,  
Up, up it goes  
To find shelter in the circle of gold light.

A child passes under the lamp  
Scuffling worn boots on the gravel,  
sniffing in the dim cold.  
He sees the light.  
Stops.  
From his pocket he pulls slingshot  
and with this weapon breaks open the yellow heart.  
It burns no longer.  
But there still glows in the night an opal moon.

Sharon McRoberts  
Edmonton

Witness Another World

I am blind,  
But you needn't pity me  
I've heard you talk . . .  
You people that can see.  
I've watched you  
With my partial sight --  
Watched you take for granted  
The light.  
I ask no pity for I hear  
You speak of things  
That you hold dear,  
Of corners, angles --  
Edges, squares and such  
And tell myself  
It doesn't matter much  
That I can't see the tiny letter;  
The way I see the world  
Is better.  
There are no edges  
In my opaque world  
The corners seem as black smoke  
Soft and curled  
While angles vault like arcs  
And I can see  
Soft, misty rainbows dance  
And waver free.

Lee Roughsedge  
Calgary







LB 1631 A326 1958  
ALBERTA DEPT OF EDUCATION  
SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL CURRICULUM  
GUIDE FOR ENGLISH LANGUAGE  
39837221 CURR HIST



\* 000017612987 \*

DATE DUE SLIP

[illegible]

LB 1631 A326 1958  
Alberta. Dept. of Education.  
Senior high school curriculum  
guide for English language 21.  
39837221 CURR HIST

CURRICULUM GUIDE

## For Reference

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM  
EXCEPT WITH LIBRARIAN'S PERMISSION

